

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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Art. I. *The whole Works of the Right Rev. Edward Reynolds, D.D. Lord Bishop of Norwich*; now first collected, with his Funeral Sermon, by B. Riveley, one of his Lordship's Chaplains. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Life of the Author. By Alexander Chalmers, F.S.A. In 6 vols. 8vo. pp. 2896. Price 3l. London. 1826.

IN none of the reprints which have appeared during the last twenty years, has a sounder discretion been exercised, than in the publication before us, which contains the entire Works of Bishop Reynolds, now for the first time edited together. Reynolds was an excellent man, and an interesting writer; nor is it any deduction from the value of his works, that we find in them so little of the polemic, and so much of the sound and practical divine. This absence of all that is petulant and disputatious, combined with a holy anxiety for the cultivation of all that is connected with essential truth and vital godliness, eminently characterised the writer and the man. He was of a gentle and forbearing spirit; and if, at times, he seemed to shrink from that firm and uncompromising assertion of high principle, which might have been expected from his exemplary piety, we are quite sure that this apparent tergiversation is to be accounted for on suppositions quite consistent with integrity of conscience.

The least satisfactory part of the work before us, is the memoir; and one of its defects consists in its inadequate development of personal character, particularly in reference to the point under consideration. It is undeniable, that Reynolds exhibited, to use plain language, some of the qualities which distinguished the accommodating Vicar of Bray. He first held preferment as the adherent of Episcopacy; he then conformed under a Presbyterian establishment; and at the Restoration, when Episcopacy came again into fashion, and it was raining

mitres, he found one that accurately fitted his head. Nothing can be clearer than that this oscitancy of conduct looks, to say the least, very much like infirmity of principle. It is extremely easy to assign, as Mr. Chalmers does, all this to 'mildness and moderation of temper,' aiding him, in conjunction with other circumstances, to float easily 'down the revolutionary stream.' But when this plea has been admitted to its fullest extent of apology and extenuation, it will have done very little in the way either of explanation or of defence. Without intending to engage in the various discussions requisite to a complete investigation of this matter, we are unwilling to pass it by altogether; and a brief review of the events of his life will be requisite, to put our readers in possession of the precise circumstances of the case.

Edward Reynolds was born at Southampton, in November, 1599, and received his education at the free-grammar-school of his native town. At the proper age, he was removed to Merton College, Oxon, then under the wardenship of the learned Sir Henry Savile. He soon distinguished himself as a scholar of high promise, and after obtaining a full share of academic honours, was chosen fellow. He took orders, and, in 1622, was appointed preacher in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn. In 1631, he accepted the living of Braunston in Northamptonshire, resigning his London engagement as incompatible with the duties of his country cure. He was quietly discharging the offices of his retired station, when the 'great rebellion' involved him so far in its consequences as to call him into more conspicuous action, and place him in circumstances of higher and more trying responsibility. How he stood the probation, is matter of history. He presbyterianised; he sat in the Assembly of Divines; he assented to 'the solemn League and Covenant;' he was one of the 'Visitors' appointed to put the university of Oxford to its purgation; he accepted the deanery of Christ-church on the ejection of Dr. Fell; and he ultimately became Vice Chancellor on the nomination of Lord Pembroke. Let it be added to this series of unequivocal steps, that, when Cromwell imposed his 'Engagement,' Dr. Reynolds, after refusing the oath, proposed, when too late, to take it, and we shall have a picture to which our respect for the sincere, though infirm piety of the man, forbids us to give its characteristic epithet. For his transition to presbyterianism, it is perhaps not difficult to account; and we believe his conduct to have been the result of a real preference. He was a decided Calvinist, and this doctrine occupied a far more leading station in the creeds of the Presbytery, than in the articles of the Episcopacy. The Arminianism of Laud had diffused

itself largely throughout the hierarchy of which he was the head; and the tendency of this was, to detach and insulate the conscientious holders of the opposite sentiment. Here was quite enough to originate a strong predisposition to embrace an advantageous opportunity of passing over to a party with which he symbolized more cordially than with his old associates. In the 'Church,' he had detected error and lukewarmness; in the 'Kirk,' he found truth and zeal,—to say nothing of wealth and honour; and we can make much allowance for the operation of such a conviction as this on the mind of a man like Reynolds. We have, besides all this, the authority of Baxter for ascribing to him the opinion, that no precise and invariable form of church-government is enjoined in Scripture. Now it appears to us that, when we have taken into account the mild, deferential, and somewhat timid character of this excellent man, these two circumstances, his Calvinism and his latitudinarian sentiments respecting matters of discipline, we have enough to explain the inconsistencies of his conduct up to this point; although we fear that the most charitable extension of these motives and principles can hardly be taken in justification of his ultimate reversion to Episcopacy, especially when coupled with his acceptance of high office in the hierarchy. At the same time, it is but fair to keep in view the peculiar circumstances of the times, and to remember that Baxter himself, though he refused to conform, so far conceded as to negotiate, and that he gave his sanction to the *redintegratio amoris* of Reynolds and Episcopacy.

Be this question disposed of as it may, the piety of Reynolds is unassailable, and the theological value of his works, will in no respect be deteriorated. We feel not a little indebted to the proprietor of the present edition for affording us the means of becoming acquainted with the entire works of an able writer and sound divine, known to us before chiefly by repute, and by a partial inspection of his minor compositions. It would be an interesting exercise, and it might, possibly, throw some light on the character and variations of the Author, were we to enter into a minute and chronological examination of his writings, with a special view to that object. Our available materials, however, fail us here. The memoir is very defective in critical analysis, and would afford us little or no aid. We have felt strangely tempted to take it up *con amore*, and to institute a search among collateral authorities; but we are deterred from so formidable a task, by more urgent demands on our present leisure, and we must take the series of publications as we find it in the volumes before us.

The 'Three Treatises,' on 'the Vanity of the Creature,'

'the Sinfulness of Sin,' 'the Life of Christ,' come first. They are made up from materials—'αποσπασματα *quadam*'—supplied by the sermons preached by Dr. Reynolds when he held the preachship of Lincoln's Inn. Although their actual arrangement is that of consecutive and systematic composition, they still retain enough of their original cast, to shew that they were framed with a view to popular impression. They exhibit much excellence of sentiment and beauty of expression; they bring forward conspicuously the great peculiarities of the Gospel; and the discussion of doctrinal and casuistical points is managed, not only with ability, but in a very interesting way. Nor should it be forgotten, that these treatises are the productions of youth, since they were composed between the ages of twenty-three and thirty-two; a season at which, though the mind has usually attained its full vigour, we are not accustomed to expect the evidences of close and accurate thinking, in combination with profound and various learning. In these respects, the compositions in question are altogether remarkable, since, although Reynolds, in this instance, allowed his imagination a freedom of exercise which we do not recollect to have met with in his other works, he has not only maintained throughout, forcible statement and acute discrimination, but has displayed a mastery of learned reading that enabled him to range at will through all the varieties of ancient literature, sacred and profane. His references and citations, judiciously exhibited for the most part in the margin, attest his familiar acquaintance with the historians, the philosophers, and the poets of antiquity, with the fathers of the Church, and with the theologians of later times. Since, however, general criticism, without specific illustration, can but imperfectly body forth the intellectual form and lineaments of such a man as Dr. Reynolds, as exhibited in the entire productions of his literary life, we shall adopt the method of analysis; and, although his 'three treatises' are somewhat discursive, we shall select them for this purpose, as, on the whole, fair and favourable specimens of his talents as a divine, and his powers as a writer. In our abstract, we shall, as far as practicable, preserve the language of the original.

Taking as his motto, Eccles. i. 14, and having laid it down as a general rule, that self-sufficiency and insubordination are at variance with the condition of a creature, and especially so with that of man as a sinner, he adopts the Wise Man's two main conclusions—1st, the Creature's insufficiency; "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." 2. Man's duty to God, and God's all-sufficiency to man; "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for

"this is totum hominis," the whole duty, the whole end, the 'whole happiness of man.' The first of these treatises, on 'the Vanity of the Creature,' discusses the former of these points; i. e. the insufficiency of the creature to satiate the desires, and quiet the motions of the soul of man. No good can be adequate to the satisfaction of the soul, unless it possess the qualities or relations of *Proportion* and *Propriety*. Man has not only a sensitive appetite, but a spiritual soul, to which it is subordinate; and hence, even the inferior quality can never be fully satisfied with its object, unless that likewise be subordinate and linked to the object of the superior faculty, which is God. The creature, then, in its relation to the soul of man, is destitute of proportion, until it be sanctified by a higher presence: so long as it is empty of God, it is full of vanity and vexation. But, with proportion, there must also be propriety; and sin hath unlinked that golden chain whereby the creature was joined unto God, and God with the creature came along into the mind of man. This union, therefore, must be recovered, this breach made up; and this reconciliation between God and the creature can only be in and through Christ. So then, the mind of a man is fully and only satisfied with the creature, when it finds God and Christ together in it; God making the creature suitable to our inferior desires, and Christ making both God and the creature ours; God giving proportion, and Christ giving propriety.

'Let us now consider the insufficiency of the creature to confer; and the unsatisfiability of the flesh to receive, any solid or real satisfaction from any of the works which are done under the sun. Man is naturally a proud creature, of high projects, of unbounded desires, ever framing to himself I know not what imaginary and fantastical felicities, which have no more proportion unto real and true contentment, than a king on a stage to a king on a throne, than the houses which children make of cards unto a prince's palace. Ever since the fall of Adam, he hath an itch in him to be a God within himself, the fountain of his own goodness, the contriver of his own sufficiency; loth he is to go beyond himself, or what he thinks properly his own, for that in which he resolveth to place his rest. But, alas! after he had toiled out his heart, and wasted his spirits, in the most exact inventions that the creature could minister unto him; Solomon here, the most experienced for inquiry, the most wise for contrivance, the most wealthy for compassing such earthly delights, hath, after many years' sifting out the finest flour, and torturing nature to extract the most exquisite spirits and purest quintessence which the varieties of the creatures could afford,—at last pronounced of them all, that they are "vanity and vexation of spirit:" like thorns in their gathering, they prick; that is their vexation: and in their burning, they suddenly blaze and waste away; that is their vanity.

Vanity in their duration, frail and perishable things; and vexation in their enjoyment, they nothing but molest and disquiet the heart. "The eye," saith Solomon, "is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." Notwithstanding they be the widest of all the senses, can take in more abundance with less satiety, and serve more immediately for the supplies of the reasonable soul, yet a man's eye-strings may even crack with vehemency of poring—his ears may be filled with all the variety of the most exquisite sounds and harmonies and lectures in the world, and yet still his soul within him be as greedy to see and hear more, as it was at first. Who would have thought that the favour of a prince, the adoration of the people, the most conspicuous honours of the court, the liberty of utterly destroying his most bitter adversaries, the sway of the stern and universal negotiations of state, the concurrency of all the happiness that wealth, or honour, or intimateness with the prince, or deity with the people, or extremity of luxury, could afford,—would possibly have left any room or nook in the heart of Haman for discontent? And yet do but observe, how the want of one Jew's knee (who dares not give divine worship to any but his Lord) blasts all his other glories, brings a damp upon all his other delights, makes his head hang down and his mirth wither: so little leaven was able to sour all the Queen's banquet and the King's favour. Ahab was a king, in whom therefore we may justly expect a confluence of all the happiness which his dominions could afford; a man that built whole cities, and dwelt in ivory palaces; and yet the want of one poor vineyard of Naboth brings such a heaviness of heart, such a deadness of countenance on so great a person, as seemed, in the judgement of Jezebel, far unbeseeming the honour and distance of a prince. Nay, Solomon, a man every way more a king, both in the mind and in the state of a king, than Ahab; a man that did not use the creature with a sensual, but with a critical fruition, "To find out that good which God had given men under the sun," and that in such abundance of all things, learning, honour, pleasure, peace, plenty, magnificence, foreign supplies, royal visits, noble confederacies, as that in him was the pattern of a complete prince, beyond all the platforms and ideas of Plato and Xenophon; even he was never able to repose his heart upon any, or all these things together, till he brings in the fear of the Lord for the close of all.'

Thus, when there is to be made up an adequate and suitable happiness for the soul of man, the infinite disproportion and insufficiency of the creature become manifest in its vanity. And this is threefold: 1. In respect of its nature and worth. 2. From its deadness, unprofitableness, inefficacy, only then to be removed when it is sanctified by the word of God and by prayer. 3. In regard of duration and continuance.

'Man is by nature a provident creature, apt to lay up for the time to come. And that disposition should reach beyond the forecast of the fool in the gospel 'for many years,' even for immortality itself.

For certainly there is no man who hath but the general notions of corrupted reason alive within him; who hath not his conscience quite vitiated, and his mind putrified with noisome lusts; who is not wrapped up in the mud of thick ignorance and palpable stupidity; but must of necessity have oftentimes the immediate representations of immortality before his eyes. Let him never so much smother and suppress the truth; let him with all the art he can, divert his conceits, and entangle his thoughts in secular cares, let him shut his eyelids as close as his nail is to his flesh; yet the flashes of immortality are of so penetrative and searching a nature, that they will undoubtedly get through all the obstacles which a mind not wholly overdaubed with worldliness and ignorance, can put between.'.....

'Where the Lord doth not wholly give a man over to heap up treasures unto the last day, to be eaten up with the canker of his own wealth,—the soul must of necessity, some time or other, happen upon such sad thoughts as these: "What ails my foolish heart thus to eat up itself with care, and to rob mine eyes of their beloved sleep for such things, as to the which, the time will come, when I must bid an everlasting farewell? Am I not a poor mortal creature, brother to the worms, sister to the dust? Do I not carry about with me a soul full of corruptions, a skin full of diseases? Is not my breath in my nostrils, where there is room enough for it to go out, and possibility never to come in again? Is my flesh of brass, or my bones of iron, that I should think to hold out, and without interruption, to enjoy these earthly things? Or if they were, yet are not the creatures themselves subject to period and mortality? Is there not a moth in my richest garments, a worm in my tallest cedars, a canker and rust in my firmest gold, to corrupt and eat it out? Or if not, will there not come a day, when the whole frame of nature shall be set on fire, and the elements themselves shall melt with heat? When that universal flame shall devour all the bags, and lands, and offices, and honours, and treasures, and storehouses of worldly men? When Heaven and Hell shall divide the world: Heaven, into which nothing can be admitted which is capable of moth or rust to corrupt it; and Hell, into which, if any such things could come, they would undoubtedly in one instant be swallowed up in those violent and unextinguishable flames? And shall I be so foolish as to put my felicity in that which will fail me, when I shall stand in greatest need; to heap up treasures into a broken bag; to work in the fire where all must perish?" Certainly, the soul of a mere worldly man, who cannot find God or Christ in the things he enjoys, must of necessity be so far from reaping solid or constant comfort from any of these perishable creatures, that it cannot but ache and tremble, but be wholly surprised with dismal passions, with horrid pre-apprehensions of its own woful estate, upon the evidence of the creature's mortality, and the unavoidable flashes and conviction of its own everlastingness.' pp. 31—33.

This tendency to corruption in the creatures originates, 1. In that law of their creation by which they were made subject

to alterations. 2. From the exasperation of this inherent infirmity by the sin of man, whose evil, he being the lord of all creatures, must needs redound to the misery and mortality of all his retinue. 3. In some special and peculiar curse, God's judicial instrument of mortality. It results, then, from these considerations, that there is egregious folly in those who wed their opinions and affections to earthly things; that they justify the wisdom and providence of God in his proceedings with men; and that the creatures are to be used with the following correctives—1. That we keep the intellectuals untainted—2. That with the eye of faith, we look through and above the creature—3. That we so use it, in subordination to the grace of God, as to make it subserve our aims at immortality.

And if the creatures are thus disproportionate in their essence—"all is *Vanity*," they are not less so in their operation—they are "*Vexation of Spirit*." The things and cares of the earth are compared to 'thorns'—wounding, choking, deceitful, vanishing. In the vexation of the creature, there are to be considered, its degrees, its grounds, and its uses. The first of these points includes the procuring, the multiplying, the using,—exemplified in knowledge, pleasures, and riches,—the reviewing and the disposing of the creatures. The second division exhibits the grounds of this vexation, in God's curse, man's corruption, and the creature's deceitfulness. Thirdly, in respect to the uses of the creature's vexation, the consideration thereof should lead to humiliation and prevention. In connexion with the first of these, Dr. Reynolds introduces the following beautiful example of confession and supplication.

'Lord, thou art a God of peace and beauty; and whatever comes from Thee, must needs originally have peace and beauty in it. The earth was a paradise, when thou didst first bestow it upon me; but my sin hath turned it into a desert, and cursed all the increase thereof with thorns. The honour which thou gavest me, was a glorious attribute, a sparkle of thine own fire, a beam of thine own light, an impress of thine own image, a character of thine own power; but my sin hath put a thorn into mine honour: my greediness, when I look upward to get higher,—and my giddiness, when I look downward for fear of falling,—never leave my heart without anguish and vexation. The pleasure which thou allowest me to enjoy, is full of sweet refreshment; but my sin hath put a thorn into this likewise: my excess and sensuality hath so choked thy word, so stifled all seeds of nobleness in my mind, so, like a canker, overgrown all my precious time, stolen away all opportunities of grace, melted and wasted all my strength, that now my refreshments are become my diseases. The riches which thou gavest me, as they came from thee, are sovereign blessings, wherewith I might abundantly have glorified thy

name, and served thy church, and supplied thy saints, and made the eyes that saw me, to bless me, and the ears that heard me, to bear witness to me; wherewith I might have covered the naked back, and cured the bleeding wounds, and filled the hungry bowels, and satisfied the fainting desires of mine own Saviour in his distressed members: but my sin hath put in so many thorns of pride, hardness of heart, uncompassionateness, endless cares, security, and resolutions of sin, and the like, as are ready to pierce me through with many sorrows. The calling wherein thou hast placed me, is honest and profitable to men, wherein I might spend my time in glorifying thy name, in obedience to thy will, in attendance on thy blessings: but my sin hath brought so much ignorance and inapprehension upon my understanding, so much weakness upon my body, so much intricateness upon my employments, so much rust and sluggishness upon my faculties, so much earthly-mindedness upon my heart, as that I am not able, without much discomfort, to go on in my calling. All thy creatures are of themselves full of honour and beauty, the beams and glimpses of thine own glory; but our sin hath stained the beauty of thine own handy-work, so that now thy wrath is as well revealed from Heaven, as thy glory; we now see in them the fruits, as well of thy terrors as of thy goodness. And now, Lord, I do, in humbleness of heart, truly abhor myself, and abominate those cursed sins, which have not only defiled mine own nature and person, but have spread deformity and confusion upon all those creatures, in which thine own wisdom and power had planted so great a beauty and so sweet an order.' pp. 77, 78.

In the prevention of this vexation, we are to distinguish between regular and irregular cares. The former are such as aim at right ends by righteous means: the others are superfluous and sinful.

'Labour ever to suit thy occasions to thy parts, and thy supplies to thy occasions. If a ship out of greediness be overladen with gold, it will be in danger of sinking, notwithstanding the capacity of the sides be not a quarter filled. On the other side, fill it to the brim with feathers, and it will still toss up and down, for want of due ballasting. So is it in the lives of men; some have such greedy desires, that they think that they can run through all sorts of business, and so never leave loading themselves, till their hearts sink, and be swallowed up with worldly sorrow and security in sin. Others set their affections on such trivial things, that though they should have the fill of all their desires, their minds would still be as floating and unsettled as before. Resolve, therefore, to do with thyself as men with their ships: there may a tempest arise, when thou must be constrained to throw out all thy wares into the sea.....Do as wise mariners; have strong and substantial ballasting in the bottom, faith in God's promises, love and fear of his name, a foundation of good works; and then, whatever becomes of thy other loading, thy ship itself shall be safe at last.'

Would we disarm the creature of its vexation? 1. Pray for conveniency for that which is suitable to thy mind. 2. Get Christ into thy ship. 3. Cast out thy Jonah, every sleeping and secure sin that brings a tempest upon thy ship. 4. Suffer not the vexation of the creature to take up thy thoughts and inner man. To set the heart on the creature, denotes the consecration to it of our thoughts, affections, and reliance; but this ought not to be, because of the tenderness of the spirit, and because the strength of every man is his spirit. Now when the heart is thus entangled, it is weakened and unable to encounter either temptation or afflictions. Temptations will become irresistible, because of the subtlety of Satan, who adapts his snares to the state of the heart, and who edges his seductions by promises or by threatenings. Afflictions will overpower the spirit enfeebled by the dominion of lust, because lust is dainty, wilful, natural, sensually wise, proud, rooted in self-love, contentious, rebellious; and, lastly, if we could even conceive some afflictions not contrary to lust, yet, afflictions are ever contrary to the provisions of lusts, to the materials and instruments of lusts, such as are health, pleasures, riches, honours. A heart set upon the creature is disabled of all active strength in execution of the will of God: 1. Because a good duty must proceed from an entire cause, from the whole heart; but lust divides the heart. 2. A heart set on lusts, moves to no ends but its own; and self-ends defile an action, though otherwise never so specious. 3. The heart is a fountain and principle, and principles are ever one and uniform: out of the same fountain cannot come bitter water and sweet. Christ and an idol cannot consist. The love of the creature is fatal to devotion. Prayer demands a hungry spirit, a heart convinced of its own emptiness, a desire of intimate communion with God; but the creature draws the heart and all the desires thereof to itself. Meditation requires a sequestration of the thoughts, a mind unmixed with other cares, a sincere and uncorrupted relish of the Word. In Hearing the Word, the heart can never accept God's commands till it be first empty: a man cannot receive the richest gift that is, with a hand that was full before. In the Service of God, there are two main things required; *faith* to begin, and *courage* or *patience* to go through. Lust hinders both these. How can ye believe, since ye seek for glory one from another? When persecution arose because of the Word, the temporary was presently offended.

' In one word, a man ought not to set his heart on the creature, because of the nobleness of the heart.....Let not the bramble be

king; let not earthly things bear rule over thine affections: fire will rise out of them, which will consume all thy cedars, emasculate the powers of thy soul. Let grace sit in the throne, and earthly things be subordinate to the wisdom and rule of God's spirit in thine heart: they are excellent servants, but pernicious masters.—Be armed when thou touchest or meddlest with them; armed against the lusts, and against the temptations that arise from them. Get faith, to place thy heart upon better promises. Enter not upon them without prayer unto God, that, since thou art going amongst snares, he would carry thee through with wisdom and faithfulness, and teach thee how to use them as his blessings, and as instruments of his glory. Make a covenant with thine heart, as Job with his eyes; have a jealousy and suspicion of thine evil heart, lest it be surprised and bewitched with sinful affections.—Touch them gently; do not hug, love, dote upon the creature, nor grasp it with adulterous embraces: the love of money is a root of mischief, and is enmity against God.—Use them for hedges and fences, to relieve the saints, to make friends of unrighteous Mammon, to defend the church of Christ: but by no means have them *in* thy field, but only *about* it: mingle it not with thy corn, lest it choke and stifle all.—And, lastly, use them as Gideon, for weapons of just revenge against the enemies of God's church, to vindicate his truth and glory; and then, by being wise and faithful in a little, thou shalt at last be made ruler over much, and enter into thy master's joy.'

Such is the spirited peroration of the first treatise; but we must abandon our intention of analysing the remainder with equal minuteness. Occupying as they do, nearly four hundred fairly filled pages, we could not compress them into the smallest compass consistent with just analysis, without an allotment of space both unusual and inconvenient. In the second treatise, on the exceeding sinfulness of sin, Rom. vii. 9., vi. 12, 2 Cor. vii. 1, Rom. vii. 13, supply the texts to so many sections on the Strength of Sin, the Reign of Sin, the Pollution of Sin, the Use of the Law. The definition of the magisterial power of sin is powerfully written.

'It is a lord and master; in which respect it hath these ties upon us: First, a covenant; there is a virtual bargain between lust and a sinner. We make promise of serving and obeying sin; and that returneth unto us the wages of iniquity, and the pleasures of sin. Secondly, love unto it, as unto a bountiful and beneficial lord. Sin exerciseth authority over us, and yet we account it our benefactor. Thirdly, an easy service; the work of sin is natural; the instruments all ready at hand; the helpers and fellow-servants many, to teach, to encourage, to hasten and lead on in the broad way. Fourthly, in sin itself, there is a great strength to enforce men to its service. First, it is edged with malice against the soul, armed with weapons to fight against it, and enmity is a great whetstone to valour. Secondly, it is attended with fleshly wisdom, supported with stratagems and de-

ceit, heartened and set on by the assistance of Satan and the world. Thirdly, it hath a judicature and regiment in the heart; it governs by a law; it sends forth lusts and temptations like so many edicts into the soul; and when we object the law of God against the service that is required, then, as the Persian king, who could not find out a law to warrant the particular which he would have done, found out another, "that he might do what he would;" so sin, when it hath no reason to allege, yet it hath self-will, that is, all laws in one.'

We are occasionally reminded by passages in Reynolds, of the exquisite harmony of South. A sentence or two in the following paragraph, very forcibly recalled to our recollection, not only the style, but the sentiment of one of his noblest compositions.

' Three hateful evils are in sin; aberration from God's image; obnoxiousness to his wrath; and rejection from his presence: stain, guilt, and misery, which is the product or issue of the former. Now as we say, 'Rectum est sui iudex et obliqui,' the law is such a rule, as can measure and set forth all this evil; it is holy, just, and good. Holy, fit to conform us to the image of God; just, fit to arm us against the wrath of God; and good, fit to present us unto the presence and fruition of God. According to this blessed and complete pattern was man created; an universal rectitude in his nature, all parts in tune, all members in joint; light and beauty in his mind, conformity in his will, subordination and subjection in his appetites, serviceableness in his body, peace and happiness in his whole being. But man, being exactly sensible of the excellency of his estate, gave an easy ear to the first temptation, which laid before him a hope and project of improving it: and so believing Satan's lie, and embracing a shadow, he fell from the substance which before he had, and contracted the hellish and horrid image of that tempter which had thus deceived him.' Vol. I. p. 117.

The third of these treatises, is intitled 'the Life of Christ.' In illustrating 1 John v. 12, and Phil. iii. 10, the Author points out Christ as the fountain of life and happiness, and fellowship with him as the medium through which he is derived. "He that hath the Son, hath Life," are words fraught with matter of unspeakable importance.

' They contain the sum of man's desires, *life*; and the sum of God's mercies, *Christ*; and the sum of man's duty, *faith*; Christ, the fountain; life, the derivation; and faith, the conveyance.'

The second volume is occupied with the 'Exposition of the CXth Psalm,' that most remarkable prophecy of the royalty and priesthood of Christ. Of this we can only say in general, that it contains much that is valuable and impressive. If it exhibits less of the imaginative than the 'three treatises,' it is no way inferior in important sentiment. Without intending to

depreciate the powers of Dr. Reynolds as a master of argument, we should be inclined to speak of him as excelling in illustrative statement and eloquent instruction, rather than in closeness of reasoning or logical deduction. Now a talent of this kind, accompanied, as it was in the present instance, by a profound acquaintance with Scripture, and a large accession of human learning, regulated by the best intentions and directed to the most important objects, is perhaps better suited to expository elucidation than to systematic discussion; and the Bishop seems, accordingly, to have preferred availing himself of opportunities for engaging in didactic composition, to engaging in abstruse investigations or subtle trains of argumentative inquiry. The following extract is from the comments on the second verse of the psalm.

‘ The power of the Word towards wicked men is seen in affrighting of them; there is a spirit of bondage and a savour of death, as well as a spirit of life and liberty, which goeth along with the Word. Guilt is an inseparable consequent of sin,—and fear, of the manifestation of guilt. If the heart become convinced of this, it will presently faint and tremble, even at the shaking of a leaf, at the wagging of a man’s own conscience: how much more at the voice of the Lord, which shaketh mountains, and maketh the strong foundations of the earth to tremble! If I should see a prisoner at the bar pass sentence upon his judge, and the judge thereupon surprised with trembling, and forced to subscribe and acknowledge the doom, I could not but stand amazed at so inverted a proceeding: yet, in the Scripture we find precedents for it; Micaiah, a prisoner, pronouncing death unto Ahab, a king; Jeremiah, a prisoner, pronouncing captivity unto Zedekiah, a king; Paul, in his chains, preaching of judgment unto Felix in his robes, and making his own judge to tremble. It is not for want of strength in the Word, or because there is stoutness in the hearts of men to stand out against it, that all the wicked of the world do not tremble at it; but merely their ignorance of the power and evidence thereof. The devils are stronger and more stubborn creatures than any man can be; yet, because of their full illumination, and that invincible conviction of their consciences from the power of the Word, they believe and tremble at it. Though men were as hard as rocks, the Word is a hammer which can break them: though as sharp as thorns and briers, the Word is a fire which can devour and torment them: though as strong as kingdoms and nations, the Word is able to root them up, and to pull them down: though as fierce as dragons and lions, the Word is able to trample upon them, and chain them up.’

Vol. II. pp. 137, 8.

The ‘ *Meditations on the Holy Sacrament*,’ are stated by the Author, in his dedication, to have been his ‘ first theological essay,’ composed by him for his own use, when ‘ a young student in the university.’ He complains of the officiousness

of a friend, as the cause of its reluctant publication ; and yet, if we mistake not, there lurks behind this modest disclaimer, an unconscious complacency, a parental smile, while the worthy divine contemplates the healthy and promising aspect of his ' little and youthful ' progeny. And he might justly be gratified by its appearance, since, though it betrays somewhat of juvenility, and might have been the better for receiving more than the ' brief and sudden castigations ' given to it by the writer, it is well calculated for usefulness, and its composition is vivacious and attractive. If it be deficient in that range and discrimination which could only have been given by the wisdom and acquisitions of riper years, it contains more of animation and eloquence than are usually the attributes of age. If it has lost somewhat of explanatory and polemic excellence, it has gained on the side of hortative and practical impressiveness. We should, however, have felt satisfaction in reviewing the mature sentiments of the good Bishop on matters either slightly touched, or altogether avoided, in the treatise as it now stands. The important and, although questionable, yet highly interesting view of the Lord's Supper, considered as a Feast upon the Sacrifice, which is advocated with such singular ability by Cudworth, might have been confirmed or disproved. The use of the term ' Sacrament,' might have been vindicated or explained ; or some plausible apology, at least, offered for the use of an equivocal, dangerous, and unnecessary term ;—equivocal, because it identifies the rite in question with something to which it bears no resemblance,—dangerous, because it has facilitated the glosses of Papistry,—unnecessary, because more simple and expressive terms present themselves in the ' Eucharist ' and the ' Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.' But notwithstanding these and other defects, the practical value of these ' Meditations ' is great ; and parts of them are written with much felicity. The following illustration of the thesis, that ' Sacraments ' are earnest and shadows of our expected glory, made unto ' the senses,' is beautifully, though fancifully set forth.

' The promises and Word of grace with the Sacraments, are all but as so many sealed deeds, to make over, unto all successions of the church, —so long as they continue legitimate children, and observe the laws on their part required,—an infallible claim and title unto that good which is not yet revealed,—unto that inheritance which is as yet laid up,—unto that life which is hid with God, and was never yet fully opened or let shine upon the earth. Even in Paradise there was a Sacrament : a tree of life indeed it was, but there was but one. Whereas Adam was to eat of all the fruits in the garden, he was there but to taste *sometimes* of life ; it was not to be his perpetual and only food. We read of ' a tree

of life,' in the beginning of the Bible, and of 'a tree of life' in the end too; that was in Adam's paradise on earth; this, in St. John's paradise in heaven: but that did bear but the first-fruits of life, the earnest of an after fulness; this bare life in abundance, for it bare twelve manner of fruits, and that every month; which shows both the completeness and eternity of that glory which we expect. And as the tree of paradise was but a Sacrament of life in Heaven, so paradise itself was but a Sacrament of Heaven. Certainly, Adam was placed among the dark and shady leaves of the garden, that he might, in an emblem, acknowledge that he was as yet but in the shadow of life, the substance whereof he was elsewhere to receive. Even when the church was pure, it was not perfect; it had an age of infancy, when it had a state of innocence. Glory was not communicated unto Adam himself, without the veil of a Sacrament; the light of God did not shine on paradise with a spreading and immediate ray: even there it was mixed with shadows, and represented only in a sacramental reflex, not in its own direct and proper brightness. The Israelites in the wilderness had light indeed, but it was in a cloud; and they had the presence of God in the Ark, but it was under several coverings; and they had the light of God shining on the face of Moses, but it was under the veil; and Moses himself did see God, but it was in a cloud: so incapable is the church, while encompassed with a body of sin, to see the lustre of that glory which is expected. Hereafter our bodies shall be overclothed with a spiritual glory, by a real union unto Christ in his kingdom: mean time, that spiritual glory which we groan after, is here over-clothed with weak and visible elements, by a sacramental union at his table. Then shall sense be exalted, and made a fit subject of glory; here is glory humbled and made a fit object of sense: "Then shall we see as we are seen, face to face; here we see but as in a glass darkly;" in the glass of the creature,—in the glass of the word,—in the glass of the sacraments. And surely, these are in themselves clear and bright glasses, yet we see even in them but darkly in regard of that vapour and steam which exaleth from our corrupt nature, when we use them: and even on these doth our soul look through other dark glasses, the windows of sense. But yet at the best, they are but glasses, whose properties are to present nothing but the pattern, the shadow, the type of those things which are, in their substance, quite behind us, and therefore out of sight. So then in general, the nature of a sacrament is to be the representative of a substance—the sign of a covenant—the seal of a purchase—the figure of a body—the witness of our faith—the earnest of our hope—the presence of things distant—the sight of things absent—the taste of things unconceivable—and the knowledge of things that are past knowledge.'

The short, but pleasing and instructive tract on 'the Fall and Rising of Peter,' will not require from us any criticism beyond this brief notice. It was republished some years since, we do not know with what success.

The 'Annotations on the Book of Ecclesiastes,' do not strike us as among the most interesting of the compositions of Dr. Reynolds; they contain, however, much that is weighty and instructive, and exhibit traces of that lively and graceful fancy which occasionally flings its bright hues over the most sterile of his subjects.

The 'Sermons' of Dr. Reynolds occupy part of the third and fourth volumes and the whole of the fifth in this edition. After the critical comments we have already had occasion to make, and the illustrative examples that we have cited, it seems almost unnecessary for us to give a distinct section to these compositions. They must not, however, be wholly past by. They form too valuable a portion of their pious and eloquent Author's works, to admit of so summary a dismissal. The genius of Reynolds was peculiarly adapted to these exercises. With an active imagination, a ready and discriminative command of words, great stores of knowledge, and a remarkable facility in bringing them in contact with his subject, he could not but succeed in a species of composition, which these qualities are so peculiarly fitted to adorn. The Sermons are not remarkable for compactness of structure, nor do they frequently exhibit forcible and luminous trains of reasoning. But they contain extensive learning happily applied, much beauty of illustration, clear statement, and eloquent appeal; they bear the traces, not to be mistaken, of exalted piety and deep anxiety concerning the souls of men; and if they produce on all readers the same effect that they have on us, they will be placed among the staple productions of their class. Not that we will put ourselves forward as vouchers for all the Bishop's opinions. For his theological sentiments, we believe we might; but his notions of ecclesiastical discipline are much less to our taste. In his sermon on 'the Peace of Jerusalem,' preached in 1657, he denounces as troublers of her tranquillity, those who deny 'the coercive power of the magistrate in matters of religion, that so there may be no hedge to keep the wolves out,' and gives broad hints about the danger of allowing the liberty of prophesying. His assize sermon, 1634, entitled 'The Shields of the Earth,' has a more elaborate exposition of the same doctrine, in which it is supported by the examples of David, Hezekiah, Jehoshaphat, Josiah, and—*Constantine!* A tolerable leap this, from the Jewish dispensation, quite over the Gospel, to the blessed supremacy of the sanguinary Byzantine! This is followed up by a broad and unqualified ascription to the Church, of 'spiritual jurisdiction, by virtue of the keys,' and to princes, of 'jurisdiction coercive, or the power of the sword, which, under external, secular, and corporal

'penalties, maketh provision for the defence of truth, worship of God, and purity of religion.' *Truth!*—Princes then are infallible, or they may chance to patronise falsehood. But these melancholy absurdities contain neither more nor less than the barefaced sophistry by which the most atrocious and bloody usurpations have been defended. The power of the keys, the coercive jurisdiction of princes, directing the secular arm for the preservation of the purity of religion;—what is this but the pretext, and—*quantum valeat*—the vindication of the Inquisition of Spain, and the Saint Barthelemi of France? Reynolds was no Erastian; still less was he a Papist; but most assuredly, these unguarded expressions imply fatal concessions both to Erastianism and to Rome. And he follows up these pithy intimations by an energetic recommendation to the judges of assize, that they should pay special regard to 'the causes of God;' and that they should enforce the 'succour and dignity of his church, the purity and support of his worship, the frequenting of his temple, the punishing of his enemies, the encouraging of his ministers.'

While we are in the humour for censure, we shall advert to an occasional coarseness of language; the fault of the age to a certain extent, but always indicating some want of tact in the writer who stoops to it. The Bishop is, moreover, at times a little fantastic in his phrases; as when, for instance, in a funeral sermon for a friend, he tells us, that the 'worthy gentleman,' with 'one spring of his soul,' gave a 'sudden leap from earth to heaven.' We learn, moreover, that his 'love was not like a pill that must be wrapped in something else before a man can swallow it;' and we are further told, that some men's love is 'like lemons, cold within, and hot without.' But all these slips are lost sight of in the predominance of better materials, and we shall devote the remainder of this article to selections of a higher kind.

Among the sermons of Dr. Reynolds, we are disposed, on the whole, to give the preference to those on the fourteenth chapter of Hosea. They are seven in number, and they were preached on as many days of national fasting and humiliation. Passages of great beauty might be easily found to a considerable extent; but we must content ourselves with an example or two from among those that will most conveniently adapt themselves to our limits, as well as serve to illustrate our remarks. There is much force in the following description of the course of sin.

'Consider it in the curse that belongs to it; "a roll written within and without" with curses. Look outward; and behold a curse in the creature, vanity, emptiness, vexation, disappointments; every

creature armed with a sting, to revenge its Maker's quarrel. Look inward; and behold a curse in the conscience, accusing, witnessing, condemning, haling to the tribunal of vengeance; first, defiling with the allowance, and after, terrifying with the remembrance of sin.—Look upward; and behold a curse in the heavens, the wrath of God revealed from thence upon all unrighteousness. Look downward; and behold a curse in the earth: death ready to put a period to all the pleasures of sin, and, like a trap-door, to let down into hell, where nothing of sin will remain, but the worm and the fire. Look into the Scripture, and see the curse there described; an “everlasting banishment” from the glory of God's presence: an “everlasting destruction” by the glory of his power. The Lord showing the jealousy of his justice, the unsearchableness of his severity, the unconceivableness of his strength, the bottomless guilt and malignity of sin, in the everlasting destruction of ungodly men, and in the everlasting preserving of them to feel that destruction.’

We shall now give an example of the Bishop's talent for metaphysical statement and illustration.

‘There is in man, by nature, a power or faculty which we call free-will, whereunto belongeth such an indifferency and indeterminacy in the manner of working, that whether a man will a thing, or nill it,—choose it, or turn from it,—he doth in neither move contrary to his own natural principles of working. A stone, moving downward, doth move naturally; upward, contrary to its nature,—and so, violently. By which way soever the will moves, it moves according to the condition of its created being,—wherein it was so made, as when it chose one part of a contradiction, it retained an inward and fundamental habitude unto the other; like those gates, which are so made, as that they open both ways. So that as the tongue, which was wont to swear or blaspheme, when it is converted, doth, by the force of the same faculty of speaking, being newly sanctified, utter holy and gracious speeches;—so the will, which, being corrupted, did choose evil and only evil, being sanctified, doth use the same manner of operation in choosing that which is good; the created nature of it remaining still one and the same, being now guided and sanctified by different principles. This we speak only with respect to the natural manner of its working: for if we speak of liberty in a moral or theological sense, so it is certain, that the more the will of man doth observe the right order of its proper objects, and last end, the more free and noble it is; the very highest perfection of free-will standing in an immutable adherency unto God, as the ultimate end of the creature,—and all ability of receding or falling from him being the deficiency, and not the perfection of free-will: and therefore the more the will of man doth cast off and reject God, the more base, servile, and captive it grows. In which sense we affirm against the papists, that by nature, man, since the fall of Adam, hath no free-will or natural power to believe and convert unto God, or to prepare himself thereunto.’

The ‘Treatise of the Passions and Faculties of the Soul of Man, with the several Dignities and Corruptions thereunto

'belonging,' was primarily a juvenile production; but, previously to publication, it received so much revision as to draw from its Author the observation that 'it is almost as chargeable to repair and set right an old house, as to erect a new one.' It is an interesting production, more distinguished by its pleasing composition, than by profound metaphysical acumen.

We have now gone through the works of Bishop Reynolds, mingling with our general criticisms, examples sufficiently extensive and varied to give a satisfactory view of his character and qualities as a writer and thinker; we shall, however, add a few specimens which we transcribed as we passed through the volumes, for the purpose of exhibiting the readiness, and, frequently, the felicity, with which he called up illustrations to aid the effect of his composition. When we have done this, and pointed out the facilities of reference afforded to the readers of this edition, by an index of Scriptures, and copious tables of contents, we shall have closed our critical estimate.

'The philosopher tells us of a sea, wherein by the hollowness of the earth under it, or some whirling and attractive property that sucks the vessel into it, ships used to be cast away in the midst of a calm; even so many men's souls do gently perish in the midst of their own securities and presumptions. As the fish polypus changeth himself into the colour of the rock, and then devours those that come thither for shelter; so do men shape their mispersuasions into a form of Christ and faith in him, and destroy themselves.'

'When I see a river without any sensible noise or motion, I am ready to esteem it a standing pool; but when I look further, and there observe what huge engines it carries about, and what weighty bodies it rolleth before it,—I then believe a strength in it which I did not see. So when I see the word of Christ rouse up the rage and lusts of men, and force them to set up against it strong holds and high imaginations, even the wisdom and strength of the gates of hell to keep it out; I must needs then conclude that it is indeed "*virga virtutis*," a *rod of strength*.' Vol. II. pp. 140—141.

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'The Lord sent an angel to remove the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre; not to supply any want of power in him, who could himself have rolled away the stone with one of his fingers; but, as a judge, when the law is satisfied, sendeth an officer to open the prison-doors to him who hath made that satisfaction; so the Father, to testify that his justice was fully satisfied with the price which his Son had paid, sent an officer of Heaven to open the doors of the grave, and, as it were, to hold away the hanging, while his Lord came forth of his bedchamber.'

'The question is, whether sins of ignorance may be reigning sins? To which I answer, that it is not man's knowledge of a king which

makes him a king, but his own power. Saul was a king, when the witch knew not of it. For, as those multitudes of imperceptible stars in the milky way do all contribute to that general confused light which we there see; so the undiscerned power of unknown sins doth add much to the great kingdom which sin hath in the hearts of men. A letter, written in an unknown language, or in dark and invisible characters, is yet as truly a letter, as that which is most intelligible and distinct; so though men make a shift to fill their consciences with dark and illegible sins,—yet there they are as truly, as if they were written in capital characters.'

'A man, at a distance, sees abundance of pleasure and happiness in riches, honours, high places, eminent employments, and the like: but when he hath his heart's desire, and peradventure hath out-climbed the very modesty of his former wishes, hath ventured to break through many a hedge, to make gaps through God's law and his own conscience, that he might, by shorter passages, hasten to the idol he so much worshipped; he finds at last, that there was more trouble in the fruition, than expectation at the distance; that all this is but like the Egyptian temples, where, through a stately frontispiece and magnificent structure, a man came, with much preparations of reverence and worship, but to the image of an ugly ape, the ridiculous idol of that people. A man comes to the world as to a lottery, with a head full of hopes and projects to get a prize; and returns with a heart full of blanks, utterly deluded in his expectation. The world useth a man as ivy doth an oak; the closer it gets to the heart, the more it clings and twists about the affections, though it seem to promise and flatter much, yet it doth indeed but eat out his real substance, and choke him in the embraces.'

To advert to what we have suggested, at the commencement of this article, respecting the personal conduct of Bishop Reynolds, we are, perhaps, too apt to identify, in our estimate of individuals, vigorous faculty with strength of character. Yet, few things in life are more common, than the occurrence of decided discrepancies in this respect. When strong character co-exists with feeble or common-place intellect, the subject becomes obstinate and intractable. On the contrary, when an accomplished mind is grafted on a feeble character, hesitancy and flexibility will be the result. Under this last head, we are the more inclined, since we have made ourselves more intimately acquainted with his works, to place Reynolds. He was a man of rich and various faculties, adorned with many adventitious qualities of acquisition and research; but he was infirm of purpose, and the activity of his intellectual powers tended to render the feebleness of his character only the more conspicuous.

A portrait and fac-simile of hand-writing accompany this edition, upon which neither trouble nor expense seems to have been spared to render it in all respects an acceptable addition to every theological library.

Art. II. *Four Years in France ; or, Narrative of an English Family's Residence there during that Period ; preceded by some Account of the Conversion of the Author to the Catholic Faith.* 8vo. pp. 443. London. 1826.

WE must fairly confess ourselves to have been not a little embarrassed by this strange and equivocal volume. We can certainly assign no sufficient reasons for questioning its authenticity, and yet, there are some peculiarities, as well as inconsistencies about it, which carry with them somewhat of a suspicious air. The publication is anonymous, and at the same time is charged with real names and specific details, that must render the suppression of its Author's name quite nugatory. The introduction involves considerations of most momentous import ; and the closing scenes are of a serious, not to say a saddening cast ; and yet, the character of the book is flippant and frothy, abounding with bad puns, flat jests, and ineffective attempts at humorous description. There are, moreover, sundry passages which have very much the appearance of having been got up for effect. We are, however, probably mistaken in this supposition. At all events, not having any other key to the volume than that which the Author has furnished, we shall take it as a genuine narrative, and discuss the work on its own apparent merits.

The Author ' was born on the 21st of October, 1768.' His grandfather had been, and his father actually was, at the time, prebendary of Lincoln. We are moreover informed, that ' they ' both rest behind the high altar of the cathedral *with their wives.*' This statement serves as the text to a paragraph of bald sarcasms on the marriage of the clergy. There is more point in the description of the ' pomp and solemnity ' of the cathedral service—the '*disjectæ membra ecclesiæ.*' The Author's mother was descended from the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby ; her family had been catholic until the time of her grandfather ; and circumstances connected with this genealogy, seem to have predisposed her son to a favourable view of Romish tenets and observances. In his seventeenth year, he matriculated at Oxford. During one of the vacations, he found, in a ' neglected ' closet, at home, a copy of the Rheims translation of the New Testament, of which the ' admirable ' preface is charitably recommended by him to the perusal of all Bible Society managers, as tending, ' if not to their advantage, at least to their ' confusion.'

' It will be observed, from the account given of my infancy, that I had been from the first familiarized with popery ; that I had been brought up without any horror of it. This was much : but this was

all. I knew nothing of the doctrines of the catholic church, but what I had learned from the lies in Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, and from the witticisms in the "Tale of a Tub,"—a book, the whole argument of which may be refuted by a few dates added in the margin. My English reading had filled my head with the usual prejudices on these topics. Of popes, I had conceived an idea that they were a succession of ferocious, insolent, and ambitious despots, always foaming with rage, and bellowing forth anathemas.

'I now perceived that there was some ground in Scripture for believing that St. Peter was superior to the other apostles, ("Simon Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" "A greater charge required a greater love," argues one of the Fathers;) and that, by the consent of all antiquity, the bishops of Rome were the successors of St. Peter. Of other doctrines I found rational, and what appeared to me plausible explanations. Transubstantiation was still a stumbling-block.' pp. 16, 17.

It will be seen by this, that the Author was just the subject for conversion to popery. When prejudice is resolved into its elements, it will invariably present, as its main ingredients, ignorance and want of discrimination—two qualities sufficiently conspicuous in this specimen. It really excites some astonishment, that an inquirer so easily satisfied, should have felt any qualms at transubstantiation. Strong faith and the literal sense—the one as the ostensible reason, the other as the impelling motive—were all that could be necessary to prompt or to excuse 'conversion;' and both these thaumaturgic elements were present in the case before us. We are the more surprised at this hesitation, inasmuch as it is quite inconsistent with the facility of credence displayed by the Author on other occasions. If, for instance, an authority be required, he throws the net at hazard, and brings up Gibbon, for the purpose of proving that 'the truth of the Christian religion rests on the authority of the catholic church.' Pity that it had not occurred to him, that the next step is into infidelity. Gibbon made it boldly, on the principle, that *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*. He had taken that first step when he removed Christianity from its true foundations of rational evidence, the requisitions of human nature, and the character of the Divine Being, that he might place it on the shifting base of human authority. This matter once disposed of, the rest was easy; 'the world was all before him where to choose;' and, so far at least as the worthless argument in question is concerned, he chose more consistently than this parader of his example.

'There are two methods of defending the reformed church of England; one is, by asserting the right of private judgement; but

this method is inconsistent with the authority of Scripture, and with the truth of the promises of Christ;—with the authority of Scripture, because it is absurd to allow to any body of men the right or power to say, “this book is Scripture, and this book is not Scripture,” and to refuse to the same body the right of deciding on its sense in case of dispute. Had this body the privilege of infallibility while deciding on the canon, and were they immediately deprived of it? Infallibility—I dispute not about words: were they providentially preserved from error during this important operation, and ever afterwards abandoned to error? Common sense and the rules of criticism may enable us to decide on the historical credit due to any work laid before us; but *Scripture, the word of God*,—something more is necessary to men who are thus to arbitrate between mankind and their faith; and it is absurd to suppose that this *something more* was taken from them when called on to determine matters of faith, by the help of this same Scripture, united to the tradition of the church. I might make my argument stronger, by remarking on the length of time which elapsed before the canon of Scripture was settled: was the church infallible during all that time, or only at intervals, by fits and starts? I will quote the words of St. Augustin, a Father often cited by the Anglican church: “Thou believest Scripture; thou doest well: *ego vero Scripturæ non crederem nisi me ecclesiæ catholicæ urgeret auctoritas.*” pp. 21, 22.

We have given this paragraph, partly as a specimen of the strange bewilderment that seems to beset our peremptory polemic whenever he meddles with theology. In the first place, he assumes, that the Church has an admitted right to decide on the Canon, one of the points on which Papists and Protestants are at issue. But, if the Church had this right, the test of the true Church must be its having decided rightly. Now the Church of Rome has come to a false decision; has said, ‘This and that book are Scripture,’ when there is the clearest proof, that they are lying legends which never formed any part of the sacred Canon. Then, according to the Author’s own shewing, such a Church can have no right to decide on the sense of Scripture. It not only is not infallible, but has grossly erred at the outset. Therefore it is not a true Church. This error alone would be fatal to its pretensions. ‘The right of private judgement,’ however, has nothing in common with the decisions of ‘any body of men’ whatsoever; it is primarily an individual right, which, leaving untouched the question of responsibility to God, gives to every man entire freedom in the choice of his religion. In a higher sense, it is something more than a mere immunity, and stands for the awful duty, incumbent on us as rational and immortal creatures, to “*try the spirits whether they be of God,*” and, moreover, to “*examine ourselves*” concerning our motives in undertaking, and our dispositions

while carrying on, this grand and indispensable inquiry. So far is this from being inconsistent with Scriptural authority, that we have formal warrant for it in the express command to subject our principles to *trial*, and our right reception of them to *examination*. We are not concerned to vindicate the 'reformed church of England,' nor any other church, reformed or unreformed; we claim, for ourselves and for our fellow men, the right—and the only absurdity is in denying it—of determining for ourselves, apart from all human dictation or interference, the sense and bearing of Scripture. Even as a specimen of that weakest of all kinds of reasoning, the argument *ad hominem*, the Writer's logic halts; but, if it be brought into contact with the genuine argument in defence of religious liberty, its debility can excite no stronger feeling than contempt. With regard to the citation from Augustine, we have no doubt that the Writer meant that we should translate the words, '*ecclesiæ catholicæ auctoritas*,' 'the authority of the Roman Catholic Church.' We read them, however, differently; and when they are taken as simply importing 'the sanction of the *universal* church,' we have no great objection to the phrase.

It is further affirmed by the present Author, that 'the right of private judgement is inconsistent with the truth of the promises of Christ.' This formidable thesis is sustained by the following ingenious argument. Jesus 'sent his Apostles to teach all nations, promising to be with them—it must be presumed in their teaching—to the consummation of the age.' But, on the principles of Luther and the Reformers, the whole Christian world had lapsed into error, *therefore* the Saviour's promise has not been fulfilled. To casuistry like this, the Reformation itself is a sufficient answer.

In 1791, the Author took his Master's degree, and in the same year, entered into orders. Subsequently, he became a fellow of Magdalen College. While resident in this capacity, being called on to preach before the University, he chose for his text, the words—"Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Hence he took occasion to maintain the power of absolution, as inherent in the hierarchy, and recommended its revival in practice. There was a difference of opinion about this effusion. Some, and those 'leading members of the University,' were warm in approbation; others took the unaccountable liberty of denouncing all this as 'flat popery;' and the Author himself tells the following seemly story in illustration.

'I have heard of one clergyman who made the attempt; he

preached to his people of the power belonging to him, as a priest, of absolving them from their sins, and of the benefit which they would derive, if truly penitent, from confession and absolution; concluding by fixing a time, at which he would be at home, to hear all those who should have any communications to make to him with such intention. This discourse caused a mighty hubbub in the parish; people did not know what to make of it; some doubted if their clergyman could seriously mean what he had said: one old woman did not hesitate to declare, "she would be — if she would tell him all she knew." The confusion ceased in due time; but the people neglected to avail themselves of the offer of their pastor.

pp. 37, 38.

The old woman was in the right, but she might have made her declaration without swearing. Soon after his sermon in recommendation of confession and absolution, the zealous fellow of Magdalen took into his head to preach against Pluralities. This was a different affair, and we learn that 'this discourse was not heard with the same approbation as the former!'

On the death of his mother, in 1797, the Author succeeded to some freehold property, and his fellowship became untenable. Soon after this, he became acquainted with an emigrant priest, with whom he discussed the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and he finished by wondering at his own blindness in remaining so long a gainsayer. On this subject we have the old story. Berenger, in the eleventh century, is affirmed to have been the first to teach the figurative presence. Arnauld's *Perpetuité de la foi* is mentioned as unanswerable, without a hint that it was refuted by Claude. Then comes the customary praise of Bossuet's *Variations*; the average proportion of peremptory absurdity about Purgatory and works of Supererogation; followed up with the delectable discovery, that Chillingworth's book is calculated 'to excite the passions of Protestants, rather than to dispel their ignorance! !'—Chillingworth and the passions!

This is sufficiently absurd, but its ingenious Author contrives to keep gallantly on the wing, and to soar an equal flight in his subsequent speculations. Having thus put an extinguisher on Chillingworth, he boldly patronizes Tiberius, and holds up that truculent despot as a model for sovereigns. Describing the education of his son, he informs us that they 'read together that Machiavel of historians, Tacitus, who, as I endeavoured to persuade Kenelm, has treated the fame of Tiberius with great injustice, by representing him, on every occasion, as a cunning and cruel tyrant; whereas he was always wise, habitually just, and often beneficent. Let any one fairly and impartially analyse the actions

of this sovereign and the comments of the historian, and he will perhaps be inclined to allow that my opinion is not altogether unreasonable.' p. 285.

Respecting the wisdom of Tiberius, it may be enough to remind his panegyrist, that favouritism is a pregnant evidence of folly, and that Sejanus was allowed to accumulate power and influence to the endangering of the imperial authority. But he was 'habitually just!' Our critical occupation has sometimes brought us acquainted with strange vagaries, but so unaccountable a whim as this never before started up before us in palpable form and bearing. If there were one atrocious quality for which, more than any other, that ferocious ruler was infamous, it was habitual injustice; and we cannot believe that the man who thus ventures to maintain the contrary, has even cursorily read the historian to whom he refers. Tacitus accumulates instances of the grossest violations of equity, and unless we are to give up that illustrious annalist as altogether unworthy of credit, there can be no room for a moment's hesitation on this point. To select two or three instances only out of many—'*Pater quoque, illustris eques Romanus, ac frater Prætorius, cum damnatio instaret, se ipsi interfecere, datum erat crimini, quod Theophanem Mitylenæum, proavum eorum, Cn. Magnus inter intimos habuisset: quodque defuncto Theophani caelestes honores Græca adulatio tribuerat. Post quos Sex. Marius, Hispaniarum ditissimus, desertur incestasse filiam, & saxo Tarpeio dejectur. Ac, ne dubium haberetur, magnitudinem pecuniæ malo vertisse aurarias quoque ejus, quanquam publicarentur, sibimet Tiberius seposuit.*' If, by the phrase 'habitually just,' the Author means to intimate that murders committed under colour of law, are legitimate, he is welcome to his opinion, and we admit, in this view, the justice of Tiberius. In this way, the successor of Augustus was a great master, and his application of the *lex majestatis*, is alone sufficient to eternalize his fame. 'There was,' says Montesquieu, 'a law of majesty against those who might be guilty of treason against the Roman people. Tiberius availed himself of this law, and applied it not only to the cases for which it had been intended, but to every thing that might subserve his hatred or his suspicions. It was not merely overt acts that came within the construction of this law; but words, signs, and even thoughts: for what is said in the openness of heart which marks the conversation of two friends, can be considered in no other light. No longer, then, was there frankness at the banquet, confidence in relationship, fidelity in households: the dissimulation and gloom that characterized the emperor communicating in all directions, friendship was considered as a snare,

‘ ingenuousness as imprudence, virtue as an affectation which might recal, in the popular mind, the happiness of y-gone times. There is no tyranny more cruel than that which is exercised under the pretext of law, and under colour of justice; when wretches are, so to speak, drowned on the very plank to which they had clung for safety.’

We have exhibited quite enough of our Author’s reasoning, to qualify our readers for the not very difficult task of estimating his calibre as a man of argument. They will probably be of opinion that, as a polemic, he is any thing but formidable; that his weapons, such as they are, fail of injury when wielded by his arm; and that of the two parties between which he was so long enacting the pendulum, that which arrested him in the last of his oscillations, has the least to boast of. His interview with the bishop to whom he applied on the subject of his reconciliation, is somewhat interesting.

‘ On the 17th of May, 1798, I was present at high mass in St. Patrick’s chapel: it was the feast of the Ascension. My emotion betrayed itself in tears, which, in a man of my age, might be regarded as rather a violent symptom; but it called forth no indecorous signs of surprise or curiosity in those near me. I forgot to inquire at the sacristy the address of the bishop, and next morning found myself walking in Hyde Park, alarmed at the step I was about to take, and almost undecided. A friend, who was in my confidence, met me by chance, and, out of regard for my tranquillity, though a Protestant, encouraged me to persevere. We turned into Grosvenor-square, and up Duke-street: old Mr. Keating informed us that the bishop lived at No. 4, Castle-street, Holborn. “We please ourselves by calling it the castle.” I parted from my friend and proceeded to the Castle alone. An elderly, rather pompous, duenna-looking woman, opened the door of the house, for such it was, not the gate of a castle: his lordship was engaged, but I was desired to walk into the dining-room, which, no doubt, served as an anti-room for want of any other. While I waited here, a French priest came in, who, evidently alarmed at his approaching interview with the bishop, from whom probably he had “something to ask or something to fear,” inquired of me, “Faut-il faire une génuflexion à Monseigneur?” I answered, that I was unacquainted with the ceremonial expected by Monseigneur; but that he, M. l’Abbé, had better do as he would on being presented to his own bishop. He took me for a countryman, but “my speech bewrayed me.” He was called for before me; this I thought unjust; but in a few minutes after the bishop came in, and addressed me with, “Qu’est-ce que vous demandez, Monsieur?” Again, thought I, my country is about to be lost to me; but let us hope for a better. I told Dr. Douglass the purport of my visit: he, seeing the affair was one not quickly to be dispatched, requested me to walk up stairs. We seated ourselves on each side of the fire in an old-fashioned wainscotted room with cor-

responding furniture, the floor half covered by a well-worn Turkey carpet. On the walls, yellow with smoke, hung portraits, which, through the soot that incrustated them, I hardly discerned to be ecclesiastical worthies; Cardinal Allen, perhaps, founder of the college of Douay; a Campion, or Arrowsmith, or other martyrs of the Reformation. A crucifix was set in a conspicuous place: over the chimney a little engraving of Pius VI., then a prisoner. The bishop was a tall thin man, between sixty and seventy, of a healthy look, with a lively and good-natured countenance: he wore a suit of black, not very fresh, with a little, close, white wig. Martinus Scriblerus was proud of being able to form an abstract idea of a Lord Mayor without his gold chain, or red gown, or any other *accidents*. I had no difficulty in detecting the bishop in the plain man before me; for, being in his own house, he showed without reserve his pectoral cross, and I saw on his finger a ring in which was set an amethyst.

“This is a very important step, sir; no doubt you have given it due consideration.” I gave a succinct account of my studies and motives. “May I ask, have you consulted your family and friends?”—“My parents are not living: I am their only surviving child. For my friends, I know before hand what they would say.”—“Are you aware of all the *civil* consequences? The penal laws are repealed; but you will lose your *état civil*.” I bowed my head. “As you are in orders of the Church of England, your conversion will excite more than ordinary surprise, and (I say it only to warn you,) ill-will against you.”—“I trust not; people are sufficiently indifferent about such matters.”—“Perhaps you will lose some ecclesiastical benefice?”—“I have proceeded no further than deacon’s orders, and therefore have no preferment.”—“But your expectations?”—“I must live without them.”

“After a little more probing of this sort, and a short pause,—” “There is a business which is very distressing to those who are not used to it, as it is very consoling to those who are; I mean confession: we all go to confession; I, who am bishop,—the pope himself. You know, I presume, that you must begin by that?”—“I come to beg of your lordship to appoint me a priest.” After a little consideration, “Would you wish your priest to be an old man or a young one?”—“My lord, you know your subjects better than I do: I leave the choice to you; his age is to me a matter of indifference.”—“Many people think otherwise: however, if you will be pleased to call here to-morrow at this hour, I will introduce him to you.” I took my leave without a genuflexion, but with a strong sentiment of respect and kindness for this worthy, amiable, old man.

At the appointed time, the convert was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, and, after several conferences, was baptized by him *conditionally*, on the very correct assumption that, in the Church of England, the rite is sometimes ‘very carelessly’ administered. Could the due administration have been ascertained, this would have been unnecessary, as the Church of Rome admits the sufficiency of lay baptism. The

mode is by affusion, and 'the rule is, that there be so much 'water *ut gutta guttam sequatur*. A tolerable illustration of the Author's enlarged and liberal views of religious matters, is supplied by his account of this interview with Mr. Hodgson. The latter gentleman having occasion to put the supposition, 'Had you been a quaker,' our Author is simple enough to confess, that he could not 'repress a slight movement of offended pride at its being supposed possible' he 'could be a 'quaker!' This catholic feeling is further displayed in the following absurd passage, in which vulgar-minded prejudice and laughable affectation contend for the pre-eminence.

'Not having been used to belong to a tolerated and despised sect, I had felt my bile rise at the word Quaker; and now memory recalled the interesting scene in the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, the helmet, the fountain, Tancred baptizing the dying Clorinda. I kneeled down, and the priest poured water on my head.' p. 66.

'Interesting' indeed, and exquisitely appropriate! The helmet, a china basin,—the fountain, a pump—Tancred, Mr. Hodgson—and 'the dying Clorinda,' Mr. ———!

The Author's residence in France seems to have been distinguished by few circumstances worth chronicling; and we strongly suspect that, but for the sake of the introductory part, and certain passages towards the close, the mere itinerary of the volume would never have been published. Havre, Rouen, Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Aix, Marseilles, Toulon, Nice, will give the outline of the Author's route; and although the particulars connected with it may be tolerably readable, we cannot compliment him on their being either very interesting or instructive. The most remarkable paragraph in his Paris journal, is that in which he avows his antipathy to domes as an architectural ornament. He is singular, and he is welcome to his singularity.

'The gilded dome of the Church of the Invalids, from whatever point it can be seen, is the ornament of Paris, and it is an ornament because it is gilded. A dome is, on the outside, an ugly and heavy object to the view; and therefore gilding, or what is better, architectural ornament, like that left incomplete at Florence, is well employed on a dome. I know I have Cicero against me, who speaks in high praise of the dome of the Capitol. Cicero and the Capitol are great names; but much as I venerate that great orator and philosopher, I hope there is no harm in saying, that I have seen more domes than he had an opportunity of seeing.' p. 127.

We are quite willing to allow, that the fact of having seen 'more domes' than Cicero could have seen, must, of course, make our sagacious critic a much better judge of the article

than the illustrious Roman could pretend to be. We have, however, a shrewd notion, that this man of taste has read Cicero with about as much accuracy as he seems to have studied Tacitus. His reference is, we presume, to that exquisite passage in the treatise *de Oratore*, where the elements of beauty are so clearly, and with such felicity of illustration, traced to the principle of utility. But no mention of domes occurs in that fine specimen of philosophical analysis. '*Capitolii fastigium illud est ceterarum adium*,' refers to the *pediment*, and not to the *cupola*. We hope that this abandonment of the high sanction derivable from the authority of these 'great names,' will be set down to our scrupulous regard to truth, inasmuch as we have the misfortune to differ most decidedly from our Author on the subject in question, being of opinion that, so far from being 'ugly and heavy,' the dome has, in an eminent degree, the effect of grandeur and sublimity. We have nothing to say in behalf of gilding: though it may do well enough in the Kremlin, it is mere tawdriness on the *Invalides*; but we would suggest to this Aristarchus, the expediency of examining the effect of St. Paul's, in all the views that can be taken of the metropolis of England, with its majestic dome towering over the dark masses of building that surround its base, like guards around a monarch's throne. If he have an eye for landscape, or a feeling for genuine architectural effect, he will acknowledge the absurdity of his criticisms. There is more justice in his censure of the tasteless system of placing colonnades in stories, tier above tier, though his comment is, as usual, beside the mark. He is speaking of the church of St. Sulpice, and observes that

'the double portico, or rather two porticoes, one above the other, are much to be admired. I cannot be persuaded, however, even by the numerous examples of this practice, that it is not absurd for pillars to support pillars; it seems as if children were playing at architecture, and trying how high they could make their building reach. Yet, there is nothing childish in these porticoes; they are grand and imposing.' p. 127.

Now if an architectural feature be 'grand and imposing,' as well as 'much to be admired,' we would, in all humility, suggest that the real absurdity lies in qualifying them as absurd; and in acquitting them of childishness while they are expressly charged with having the appearance of child's play. Our objection to them, on the contrary, arises from the conviction that the practice is utterly destructive of grandeur and impressiveness; and that, to say nothing of the injuriousness of substituting complication for simplicity, two slender pillars,

one perched upon the other, with the broken and frittered character given by the intervention of capital, entablature, plinth, and base, can never produce the effect of one solid, massive, majestic column, rising at once from its stylobate, and carrying the eye upwards without interruption to its legitimate termination.

It might have been expected that the Writer, with all the prejudices of a Romanist, should, in common consistency, stand forward as a Jacobite; but it could hardly have been anticipated that he should be weak enough to become the eulogist of James as an 'honest man,' and the accuser of his countrymen in the following petulant rebuke.

'We entered the apartment in which our James II. lived and died an exile, chased from his house and home by his son-in-law. History records many deeds more atrocious, but none more disgraceful than this violation of family confidence—of the pledge of good faith given and received. But, what is more disgraceful still, the English nation, besotted by prejudices, sees nothing disgraceful in the transaction.' p. 155.

This brief paragraph betrays a double infirmity of understanding: first, in the sentiment itself; and, secondly, in the strange perversion of faculty which, itself infatuated with prejudice, charges stupidity and disgrace upon a whole nation for vindicating its faith and asserting its liberties. Well may the reviler of William of Nassau, and the English patriots of 1688, avow himself a partizan of the Holy Alliance.

'Our philosophical and protestant historians,' are reprov'd for 'unmercifully slandering' the worthy Thomas a Becket. The twelfth century, 'an age of Cimmerian darkness according to the Protestants,' was an age of light, according to this Writer, because a St. Benezet devoted his life to begging money enough to construct a bridge over the Rhone! And our sagacious Author deserves not less canonization, for having taught the Avignonese to relish tea and English cookery, and especially for having succeeded in overcoming their antipathy to a coal fire. The massacre of Nismes is described just in the way we should have anticipated when the statement was to be made by a bigoted papist. But we must pass by all these miscellaneous matters, that we may come at once to an instance of credulity quite as marvellous as any specimen whatever of the easy faith that distinguished the dark ages. The Writer had lost a son, an amiable and accomplished youth, in his twenty-first year, but a few weeks previously to the following occurrence.

'In the night between the 30th and 31st of October, thirty entire

days after the death of Kenelm, his parents retired late to rest; in fact, at one o'clock of the morning of the 31st. As they were composing themselves to sleep, they heard a noise as of the breaking of a small stick. To me this noise seemed to proceed from the cabinet or dressing-room behind the bed; my wife heard it as from the commode or draws opposite the foot of the bed. We asked each other what the noise might be, and compared what we had heard. Within a minute, my wife, who had raised herself in her bed, asked me, "What light is that?" I saw no light, and asked, "Where?"—"On the drawers, brighter than any candle." She proceeded to describe what she saw: "Now it rises and grows larger. How beautifully bright! brighter than the most brilliant star. What can it mean? it is very strange you don't see it." I thought so too, but, to encourage her, said, "Compose yourself; it can mean no harm." She went on: "It still rises and grows larger: now it turns towards the window—it takes the form of a dove with the wings spread out—it has a bright glory all around it—it looks steadily at me—it speaks to my heart, and tells me that my dear Henry is happy—it fixes a piercing look on me, as if it would make me feel what it means. Now I know he is happy, and shall lament no more for him. There—now it has disappeared." Though I had not seen the light, I could see the face of my wife while she was looking at it, and the tears glittering as if a bright light passed through them while they fell down her cheeks. The French word would be *ébrillantes*. There still remained a suffused light in the room, particularly on the wall above the drawers, as of the reflection of a nearly extinguished fire. This was observed by both of us. It lasted about five minutes, growing gradually fainter, and at length failing entirely. While looking at this suffused and darkish red light, and reasoning with myself how or why the bright light had not been seen by me, I remarked, on the floor, by the open door of the cabinet, the reflection of a veilleuse, or small night-lamp. These lights are made of a single thread of cotton half an inch long, steeped in melted wax, and, when dry, inserted in little flat pieces of cork, which are floated, while the cotton is burning, in a small quantity of oil. This night-lamp was placed in the remotest corner of the dressing-room, which went the whole length of the bed-room. I saw its reflection on the floor only, and only so far as the open door permitted it to be seen. "This," said I, "cannot be the cause of the suffused light; still less can it have been the cause of the bright one." While I was looking, first at the suffused light, then at the reflection of the lamp, the former disappeared; it was plain, therefore, that it had not been caused by the latter.

'In the morning we visited the tomb of our departed son, and returned thanks to God.'

* * * *

'To use the words of a learned, rational, and respectable old man, the curé of St. Agricol, to whom I related the matter, "Ce qu'on voit, on voit." True,—what one sees, one sees; but the scripture, with that intimate knowledge of human nature evident in

its every page, speaks of some who "will not be persuaded even though one rose from the dead."

'The term of thirty days has been observed in the catholic church as that at the end of which revelations have sometimes been made of the happiness of departed souls.' pp. 380, 81.

We are restrained by the peculiar circumstances of the case, from that strain of comment which such a tale and such comments as these tend almost irresistibly to provoke. In spite, however, of the sage and decisive aphorism of the 'rational' *curé*, and maugre the singularly appropriate citation from Scripture, we must be permitted, first, to admire the simplicity of the Narrator, and secondly, to express our regret that he has not given us any illustration of the magical period of 'thirty days.'

At Nice, our Author grows nasty, and we must therefore have done with him. The female reader at all events will do well to close the volume at the end of his twenty-second chapter. If this volume be at all designed as a counterpart, or an antidote to Mr. White's account of his Conversion to Protestantism, nothing can be more satisfactory than the contrast between the two cases—the Protestant lapsing into the dotage of Popery, the Romanist redeemed from its bondage and putting away "its childish things."

Art. III. 1. *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character.* Illustrated by twenty coloured Plates. By A. P. D. G. 8vo. 16s. London. 1826.

2. *Roman Tablets*; containing Facts, Anecdotes, and Observations on the Manners, Customs, Ceremonies, and Government of Rome. By M. de Santo Domingo. To which is added, the Author's Defence before the Cour Royale at Paris, upon Solemn Hearing. Translated from the French. Crown 8vo. Price 8s. 6d. London. 1826.

3. *Denonciation aux Cours Royales, relativement au Système Religieux et Politique signalé dans le Memoire à Consulter: précédée de nouvelles Observations sur Ce Système, & sur les Apologies qu' on a récemment publiées.* Par M. le Comte Montlosier. 8vo. pp. 336. Paris. 1826.

THESE publications have little in common as regards any feature in their authorship; and our only reason for placing their titles together at the head of this article, is, that they all tend to illustrate, under different aspects, the moral and political effects of that portentous system of fraud and despotism which, as distinguished, or at least as distinguishable, from the Roman Catholic religion itself, is properly denominated

Popery; a system which does not deserve to go by the name of a religion, though it employs religion as an instrument, the tool and the mask of its proceedings, but which might be more correctly designated as the grand standing sacerdotal conspiracy against both civil rights and civil government, founded upon principles which make the Church that adopts them, alternately the tyrant and the traitor.

The first of these works professes to give a picture of the State of Manners and Morals in Portugal; a country to which, at this moment, every eye is directed with anxious interest. An anonymous publication, disfigured by vulgar caricature plates in the style of Dr. Syntax's *Tour*, is neither adapted to carry much weight, nor entitled to rank as an authority. Yet, if we may depend upon the account which the Author gives of himself and of his motives in publishing his work, it would seem to claim more attention than its appearance invites. It abounds with curious and, we believe, substantially correct information; and we are certainly not the less disposed to attach credit to the work on account of its having drawn down the coarse abuse of the Roman Catholic journals. We regret that the statements do not come in a more authenticated shape, and that the Author was not better advised as to the proper style of publication.

‘The following sketches were all drawn from life. They lay no claim to merit in composition, beyond that of offering—so far as they go—a faithful delineation of Portuguese manners, customs, and character. The author has been careful only in observing a rigid adherence to *FACTS*; and to the respectable and unprejudiced British residents in Portugal, who are acquainted, however superficially, with the habits of the people, he appeals with confidence to corroborate the truth of his pictures.

‘In apology for the literary defects of the present volume, the author has not a syllable to say:—except that no one can be more sensible of those defects than himself. But he has ventured to believe, that an intimate knowledge of a subject might be considered to redeem numerous imperfections of method and style; and he will be forgiven for having felt, that he at least possessed some superior qualifications for his task, over writers who, after a mere residence of a few months, weeks, or even days at Lisbon, have without hesitation undertaken to describe all the peculiarities of the people and country. To enable the reader to judge of the opportunities thus enjoyed by the author, of long and intimate communication with Portuguese society, he shall take leave to state in a few words the position in which he stood with that nation.

‘At the age of twenty, and in the year 1793, the author entered the Portuguese civil service, and continued in it up to 1804: when, unable any longer to resist the torrent of intrigue to which every

foreigner in that service is subjected, he quitted for a time both his adopted country and profession. But, in 1809, an advantageous situation being offered to him in the victualling department of the British army then in Portugal, he returned to that kingdom, with advantages possessed by few of his nation:—a good knowledge of the language and the people. It is principally from the later experience of this second residence of many years—which terminated only at a recent period,—that he has attempted to describe the state of society in Portugal. The disgust once provoked in his mind by unjust treatment has long subsided; and he is conscious rather of partiality for, than prejudice against, the Portuguese and their country.' pp. v.—vii.

To most of the scenes, the Author states, that he was an eye-witness. But he forewarns his readers, that many of those scenes are such as no female writer could describe or even allude to. Referring to the declaration made by Mrs. Baillie, in her lively "*Letters from Portugal*," that '*the whole truth should not always be told*,' the Writer says:

'Of the customs of a country like Portugal, no delicate English-woman can be a full and exact reporter; and the author trusts, that the most fastidious reader will not be offended at delineations of manners, which are more gross than the sketches of a female hand, only because they are in the same degree more faithful.'

With this proper idea of female delicacy, the Author of course could not anticipate that his volume would find any readers among his fair countrywomen; and though we must do him the justice to say, that his volume contains nothing that is adapted to corrupt, but only to disgust, we are unable to recommend it to indiscriminate perusal. On another point, we shall let him again explain himself.

'When the Protestant Christian visits Portugal, he is hourly shocked by witnessing the conversion of all the holiest associations of his faith, into objects of gross and debasing superstition, senseless mummery, and atrocious fraud. Our reverence for sacred things revolts from their exhibition in ludicrous colours—still more in blasphemous distortion: and, unless justified by the object, even the relation of the fact repeats the offence. It is probably from some feeling of this kind, that the fair writer above alluded to has formally interdicted herself from entering into any particulars of the state of religion in Portugal. But the author of the following pages has judged otherwise of the duties of *his* office. At a period like the present, when the militia of the Papal Church have dangerously renovated their activity, they must be encountered by exposure. The Roman Catholic citizens of these islands merit, perhaps, no reproach for the attempt to remove their civil disabilities; but when the champions of their cause endeavour to make light of the distinctions

of the reformed faith, as an argument for the purity of their own, it is right that the Protestant should be empowered to judge for himself of these differences. Nor can this be done more effectually than by exposing the abominations of the Romish creed, and the conduct of its ministers, in a country where both have unbounded sway. With this view, and satisfied of the sufficiency of his object, the author has entered boldly, broadly, and fully into the subject. He holds himself accountable neither for the gross absurdity nor the blasphemous impiety of the ceremonies which he is called upon to describe: but, sincerely attached to the pure and reformed faith of this happy land, he is anxious utterly to disclaim any design of indecent levity, and earnestly to deprecate the probability of his motives being mistaken.

pp. ix.—xi.

This manly declaration does credit to the Writer's good sense and feeling, and it is this feature in the volume that has induced us to notice his work. We cordially agree with him, that the question relating to the civil rights of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, has—or at least ought to have—no immediate connexion in our minds with the demerits of the Papal system. But, unhappily, their advocates, both in and out of Parliament, have taken most unwisely half their stand upon a lie. That falsehood must be exposed; the mask, a more fatal weapon sometimes than either torch or sword, must be torn from the unsightly monster; and then let the Romanists of England and Ireland themselves tell us, whether *their* religion be that of Naples, and Lisbon, and Madrid, or not. We do not want Mr. Butler or Mr. Lingard to tell us what Popery is. If all history could be blotted out, it is only crossing the Alps or the Pyrennees to behold it undisguised and paramount. Let them disclaim and denounce, individually, all participation in the system as they may; the fact remains, that such a system exists; and no other comment on its real character is necessary, than the state of those countries, the effect, more than of any thing else, of Popery itself.

With regard to the state of society in Lisbon, the odious filthiness of the streets and of the people, the mendicity, the prevalence of street robbery, the frequent assassinations, and the general relaxation of morals,—the anecdotes and details in the present volume, whether authentic or not, cannot be charged with exaggeration; since the general facts which they are adduced to illustrate, are notorious. There are, indeed, few capitals which would not furnish a black catalogue of similar crimes; and it is not from any collection of horrible anecdotes, however authentic, that we can fairly infer the national character. But what renders them at once credible and horribly characteristic is, that, in the case of the Portu-

guese, the Spaniards, and the Italians, public feeling, the institutions of the country, and the administration of the laws are all on the side of the criminal. It is not that assassins may be hired, so much as that they go unpunished; it is not that murders are frequent, but that such is the feeling among the lower orders, we are told, that

‘ the natural exclamation of a Portuguese, on seeing one man stab another in the street, (or prick him, as they simply term it,) is, “ poor fellow, he has had the misfortune to kill a man ” Every effort is made to screen the assassin from justice ; while the dead or wounded man, far from exciting pity or receiving assistance, will be shunned carefully as a dangerous object ; it being one of the laws in these cases, to consider as the murderer, and to confine as such, the first person who has been known to touch a dead body.’ p. 261.

The most desperate assassins, however, this Writer asserts, are the Gallegos ; ‘ a class of people so much extolled by many ‘ of our countrymen who have visited Lisbon, for their great ‘ honesty and general good character ;’ whereas he says, ‘ if ‘ the Portuguese rabble have their vices, they are not likely to ‘ improve by the importation of their Gallician neighbours, ‘ who are perhaps less squeamish in the commission of enormous crimes than themselves.’ Of the Portuguese peasantry, this Writer speaks in the same favourable terms as Mrs. Baillie.

‘ The *Salsios* are a very fine race of men, active, athletic, and, generally speaking, well made. Their complexion, although dark, is advantageously mixed with a good share of brick-dust colour ; their eyes are very fine ; their hair falls in ringlets upon their brawny shoulders ; their dress is becoming, and their whole appearance highly picturesque and rustic. The charge of indolence and slothfulness has been indiscriminately laid against the whole of the people of Portugal, by persons who have precipitately drawn their conclusions from the samples of the lower orders seen in Lisbon ; but any one ought to be aware, that the meagre and bloated inhabitants of a capital can never offer a just criterion whereby to form an accurate idea of the physical or moral peculiarities of any nation. The Portuguese peasantry may justly repel the charge of indolence, for their distinguishing characteristics are, industry, patience under privation, intrepidity, and courage. They only stand in need of a good government calculated to call forth in a greater degree their natural good qualities. I would not advocate as warmly, or in fact at all, some other classes of Portuguese ; I mean the priests and the magistrates ; for, whatever measure of corruption in every respect this world can contain, is to be found in superfluity in those orders.’ pp. 331, 2.

In fact, the Portuguese peasants are said to be ‘ some of

‘the best creatures breathing.’ ‘The men are laborious and brave, and the women are chaste.’ For these qualities, however, they are indebted neither to their laws nor to their religion. In proof that the celibacy of the priests is one principal source of the corruption of morals, the Author declares, that he could cite instances which he witnessed, from one end of Portugal to another, of their profligacy and effrontery. And to them, mainly, he imputes the abuses connected with the administration of public justice. We believe these facts to be notorious and undeniable; but we must refrain from the citation of anecdotes resting upon anonymous testimony. We entertain no doubt whatever respecting the Writer’s veracity, but have found frequent occasion to regret his want of discrimination and limited information. We had supposed that every Englishman knew the origin of a barber’s pole; but it was a long time before this Writer could make out its meaning. It is in general use, he tells us, throughout the Peninsula, and he has been ‘told, that it is still to be seen in some remote places in England.’ Algarve, ‘or, in Moorish, Algarbia,’ he informs us, ‘signifies fertile country.’ This is a mistake; Al Gharb signifies the West. There are two Algarves, the European and the African. Again, Camoens is stated to be the only Portuguese poet worthy of the name. The Author should not have ventured an assertion on a subject of which he evidently knows little. The fact is, that Portugal has produced many *Castilian* poets; but, among those who have cultivated the Portuguese dialect, which differs but little from the Gallician, there are several of no mean name. Some of the instances of brutality which he mentions in the lower orders of Portuguese, might, we regret to say, be paralleled in other nations.

Upon the whole, it is much easier to abuse a people, than to describe them. ‘Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portuguese of him,’ says the Spanish proverb. ‘I have heard it more truly said,’ remarks Dr. Southey, ‘Add hypocrisy to a Spaniard’s vices, and you have the Portuguese character.’ These sayings just prove, that the two nations cordially hate each other; but there is this difference. The Spaniards, we are told, despise the Portuguese; the Portuguese hate the Spaniards. The former, in their national songs, threaten their neighbours with invasion: the latter content themselves with defying their enemies. This proves, however, not that the Portuguese fear more than they are feared, but that the Spaniards are the greater boasters. The French, in like manner, used to talk of invading England, and John Bull, secure behind his wooden walls, was accustomed to sing, Let them come if they dare. It is generally agreed, we

believe, that the Portuguese make the better soldiers ; and under a free government, they would soon become the better men. We confess, however, that we are sceptical as to the existence of any very marked difference between the natives of Spain and of Portugal. The country, the climate, the religion, the institutions, the manners and customs are essentially the same : at least, they do not differ more widely than one province differs in these respects from another in the same country. Thus, the Castilian and the Andalusian, the Catalonian and the Murcian, the Gallician and the Biscayner, are distinguished from each other by peculiarities not less striking than any which can be detected in the Portuguese.

What is Portugal ? As to its history as well as geographical position, it is a mere offset of the Spanish monarchy. In point of geographical extent, it is but little larger than Switzerland, and it is not half so populous as Ireland. Humboldt estimates the population as low as 3,173,000. Lisbon and Oporto are the only two cities in the kingdom which contain a population exceeding 20,000 inhabitants. The former is said to contain 230,000, of which one fifth consists of negroes and mulattoes. Oporto, by far the cleaner and more agreeable town, contained, in 1802. 74,000. Thus, these two cities together comprise a tenth of the whole nation. Elvas, Coimbra, Braga, Setubal, and Evora, contain from 12 to 16,000 each ; Beja has about 9000 inhabitants, and Santarem 8000 : the population of no other place rises so high as 7000. Yet, Portugal has two archbishops, thirteen bishops, two universities, 400 monasteries, and about 150 nunneries ! Into these, as so many stagnant lagoons, the salutary streams of national wealth have been diverted. Like pompous bridges over a deserted channel, these institutions remain as the monuments of past times and the mockery of the present. Taking the population at three millions, we cannot rate the adult male population at more than a fifth, or 600,000 ; and the lowest computation will give 6000 ecclesiastics, secular and regular. We have then every tenth man a priest ; every tenth man living in professed celibacy and licensed idleness, a worse than unproductive member, a baleful excrescence of the social system. Such is Portugal,—a country into which civilization has as yet scarcely penetrated,—without roads, without canals, without manufactures, with little or no inland trade, its only exports raw produce, (wine, salt, and wool,) almost without laws, and quite without Bibles or any thing deserving the name of religion.

Yet, as compared with Spain, if Portugal has never attained to such a height of national grandeur and power, it has never suffered so rapid and extreme a depression. Spain, which, in

the sixteenth century, numbered its twenty millions, is now supposed to contain not eleven millions and a half, being less populous than Prussia. Estimated by the square league, its comparative population is far less than that of Portugal. The priests in Spain are not reckoned to exceed 120,000, which would be about 1 to every 23 male adults. If less numerous in proportion, however, the Spanish ecclesiastics are, we believe, much wealthier than those in the neighbouring country: there was more wealth to absorb, and they have absorbed pretty nearly all. Portugal still retains its commercial, and nominally its political relations to its vast colonies in the western hemisphere. Spain has lost every thing of importance but the Havannah, and has for ever alienated the countries which so long groaned under its oppressive yoke. For Portugal, brighter days, we would fain hope, are yet in reserve, notwithstanding the cloud that has arisen in the horizon. The fallen state and darkened prospects of Spain recal the almost prophetic lines of our own Cowper.

‘ Oh, could their ancient Incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel’s taunting strain !
Art thou too fall’n, Iberia ! Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we ?
Thou, that hast wasted Earth, and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies !
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see th’ oppressor in his turn oppressed.
Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand
Rolled over all our desolated land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown ?
The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours.
’Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
And Vengeance executes what Justice wills.*

The second work on our list, has obtained the more extensive notoriety on the Continent,† in consequence of the prosecution which it drew down upon the Author, at the solicitation, as is generally supposed, of the Pope’s nuncio at Paris. The Author pleaded his cause himself, and his defence is the most able and creditable part of his performance. It was received by the public, we are told, with the most flattering marks of approbation ; nevertheless the work was suppressed, and its Au-

* Charity.

† The work is stated by the Translator to have gone through five editions in a short space of time in Belgium.

thor was fined and imprisoned. The disclosures which it contains, will sufficiently account for the hostility of the Court of Rome to the liberty of the press. M. de Santo Domingo would hardly have escaped even in this country, from the operation of that shadowy, ever shifting, and unmanageable anomaly in our judicature, the law of libel. His work is an avowed attack upon the 'religious Machiavelism' of the Vatican; and it is stated to be the Author's design, to give such a representation of the effeminate and corrupt state of society at Rome, as may suggest the reflection,—'This odious mass of vice and impurity unknown in other countries, is then the real produce of that religion which would exterminate all others, and which pretends to be the only pure and true religion that exists!'

'In pointing out the usurpations of the Vatican, and the ridiculous or revolting abuses of the Court of Rome, so far from having had any aggressive views towards true religion, it has been my intention to hold it up to admiration and respect. The principles I have attacked, are evidently opposed to those of the Divine Redeemer. Ought not the Gospel to be preferred to doctrines that are subversive of it, and the crown of thorns to the triple crown of diamonds?'

With whatever degree of sincerity and intelligent appreciation of the Gospel this avowal be made, it is at least a pleasing circumstance, that, both in his preface and in his defence before the Cour Royale, the Author felt himself called upon, in deference to the state of public feeling, to disclaim every irreligious motive. This homage to the Divine authority of Christianity was probably intended less to propitiate his judges—for with them it would have little weight—than to enlist on his side the popular sentiment; and, viewed in this light, such declarations, in that same Paris, where the Encyclopædists once laboured to overthrow the whole fabric of revealed religion, and triumphed so far as to loosen every tie of moral obligation and every bond of social order,—must be received with satisfaction. We shall give a few extracts from the Defence.

'Eager to acquire that sort of instruction which is to be gained by travelling, I visited the country of Virgil and of Cicero. What did I see in the environs of Rome? A land uncultivated, though exhibiting all the signs of fertility; its inhabitants covered with the rags of indigence, numerous hordes of robbers, ransoming or assassinating both foreigners and natives. Within the walls of the city I sought religion; I found only monks.

'I demanded of the citizens, what were their philanthropic institutions useful to industry and labour; they answered me by enumerating their convents and friars, who devour the substance of the people.

'The more I advanced in my investigations, the more I appeared to sink into the barbarism of those rude ages in which a few individuals preyed on the rest of the human species. I wondered how the people

of Rome, surrounded by the progressive movement of all other nations toward social improvement, were withheld by the curb of superstition, and had not dared to pass the barriers that separated them from civilization.

‘ Being shortly afterward admitted to the intimacy of some men in power, what was my surprise at discovering, from their conversation, the hope of reviving, even in the present day, the usurping pretensions of the Court of Rome; the hope of again moulding kingdoms to their yoke, of outraging the majesty of kings by bulls, excommunications, and interdicts; the hope, in short, of awakening that theocratical ambition which has lain dormant within the walls of the Vatican since the time of Clement XIV !

‘ The extravagance of such projects excited in me a smile of pity : they remained, however, in my memory. Three years are gone by, and each year my surprise has been increased at seeing on all sides the foundations laying of that Babel, the re-edification of which had appeared to me the greatest chimera.’

‘ A religious order was driven from France in 1549, as accomplice in the parricide committed by John Chaâtel ; the good Henry IV, in his edict, expressed himself as follows : “ The Jesuits are the enemies of the state and of the crown of France, the corrupters of youth, and the perturbators of public tranquillity.” They were suppressed in 1762, by a decree of the parliament of Paris, in which act the most ample reasons were given. This decree contained all the ignominious condemnations which these monks have received in all the tribunals of the Christian world, and a nomenclature, still more ignominious, of the qualifications with which they have been branded. I shall not unfold this long concatenation of conspiracies, outrages, and crimes, unheard of before their time, of which this order has been judicially convicted : I shall not invoke, as witnesses, the gory shades of so many murdered sovereigns : such a picture would not be necessary for the defence of my cause. My voice would never have troubled these monks in their tombs, if they had consented not to issue from them. This is not a *prosopopœia* : the spirit that animated this order is risen with it, without suffering any diminution. One of the fundamental principles of the institution is an unreserved submission, an unlimited and exclusive obedience, to the designs and orders of the Court of Rome. It is this vow of absolute devotedness to the holy see, that wounds to the heart the liberties of every country into which this order finds its way ; and its duty is, to introduce itself every where. But how do I know that the Jesuits have penetrated into France ? Before it was known here as an open and undeniable fact, I had been informed of it at Rome, where the chiefs of the order are more disposed to boast of their successes in France, than to make a mystery of them. These wandering monks, are they Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen ? No, they are Papists : they will undertake to plunge a dagger into the bosom of their mother country, at the least signal from the telegraph of St. Peter’s : their chief may be deemed another *old man of the mountain*. I only repeat in milder terms the decree of the parliament of Paris, which declared, that it expelled them from France as a fanatical

and impious sect, corrupters of the people, regicides, &c., commanded by a foreign chief, and Machiavelists from principle. How many proofs have confirmed the truth of this sentence! As counsellors of kings, they betrayed them, as Daubenton betrayed Philip V.; as subjects, they conducted the inhabitants of Paraguay in battle array against their legitimate sovereigns: and while confessors in Europe to the kings of Spain and Portugal, they made war against them in America.'

'But, say they, your criticisms are addressed to the religion of Rome; and you ought to know, that the Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish religion is the religion of the state: I know it, and I have never forgotten it. You see, gentlemen, I enter frankly upon one of the strongest accusations directed against me.

'What sense is it natural to attach to this title of *Romish*, which is given to the Catholic and Apostolic religion? I understand by this qualification an honorary title, by which homage is rendered to the precedency, or even the pre-eminence of the church of Rome, as the cradle and centre of Christianity, and as having had for its first bishop the first of the apostles: it was in that city that the blood of the martyrs, which has cemented the religion of Jesus Christ, flowed in the greatest abundance: it was then very natural, that, through a sentiment of gratitude, the denomination of Romish, should be added to the Apostolic religion.

'According to my definition, the qualification of Romish is immutable, since it is founded on an historical and hierarchical fact; it would have nothing stable in it, on the contrary, if it were applied successively to all the particulars of the worship practised at Rome; and in no catholic country is this truth more forcibly felt than in France, where the exemptions, upon which are founded the liberties of the Gallican church, were long ago established, and which we are daily defending against the pretensions of the tiara.

'Do you wish for an example of it? At the time of the great occidental schism, when three popes disputed the keys sword in hand, it was not the pope who held the papacy at Rome, that solved theological questions: the decision of œcumenical councils was necessary.

'Thus the religion of Rome, such as I have defined it, while a number of its practices are in opposition to the doctrines of the apostles, may be assailed without offering the smallest disrespect to the Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish religion.

'I have not made the slightest attack on the religion of the state, which is not entitled the religion of Rome, but the Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish religion: it must have this triple attribute, this triple character. I request, gentlemen, you will also observe, that in my book I have never once articulated the word *Romish religion*. From motives of delicacy I have respected one of the inalienable epithets of the religion of the state.

'But, even if I had censured the Romish religion, in reproaching it with being merely Romish, and not sufficiently Apostolic, I should no more have wounded the religion of the state, than I should

injure the constitutional royalty by reasoning against absolute royalty.'

'If I be asked what I find deserving of blame in the religion of Rome, I answer, that nothing can be more explicit on this subject than my book. I answer, that it has not been my intention to interfere in the least either with dogmas or doctrines. A traveller observes facts. Cast your eyes, gentlemen, over the preface of the *Roman Tablets*, which is, I may say, a summary of the whole work. It must appear evident to you, that it has been my design to censure only the practical abuses of the religion of Rome. And what abuses! Torture inflicted upon those who do not observe the fast during Lent; forced and venal conversions, renewed every year at fixed periods, when a few Jews, for a sum of money, submit to be baptised, and to receive the communion, as a spectacle for the people; spiritual absolutions and indulgences lavished upon robbers, who consent to suspend the career of their assassinations; shameful abuses of the sacraments—abuses which render hypocrisy and robbery a sort of industry and commercial speculation. But why have I imputed all these disorders and vices to the religion instead of the government of Rome? I have allotted to each its respective part. But spiritual measures, such as sacraments and indulgences, which belong exclusively to practical worship, cannot be attributed to the political government. It is evidently the exercise of the papal authority, distinct from the sovereign power.'

'But it appears, that I have afflicted the faithful, in presenting to them a scandalous picture of the state of the sanctuary at Rome. A painting still more frightful than mine has been made by Saint Cyprian, in his book entitled, *The Fallen*.

"Every priest," says he, "runs after riches and honours with an insatiable fury; the bishops are without religion, the women without modesty; knavery predominates; they swear and forswear themselves; the Christians are divided by animosities; the bishops abandon their pulpits to run to fairs, that they may enrich themselves by traffic; in short, we give satisfaction only to ourselves, and dissatisfaction to all the world."

'The Gospel says; "The time will come when we shall see the abomination of desolation stand in the holy place," &c. What I have said, accords then with the prophecies.

'But I have made a jest of the miracles that are every day performing at Rome. True, I have, because I look upon them as false miracles.

'The Gospel says, that the prodigies operated by Jesus Christ and his apostles were sufficient for the establishment of the religion. I have then sufficient authority for not admitting any new ones. Besides, I think, that even for the interest of religion, too much ridicule cannot be thrown on what might make truth ridiculous. They who pretend, that attacking the abuses of religion is attacking religion itself, are in reality those who do it the greatest injury. Has any one ever been offended at the following historical jest?

*De par le roi, défense à Dieu
D'opérer miracle en ce lieu.*

My jests are more innocent even than this.

‘ But in the chapters on the Jesuits, I have also ridiculed the miracles and saints of their fabrication. Why have not these chapters been criminated? I submit this observation to the wisdom of the court.

‘ How can I have attacked the religion of the state, and religious morality, in reproaching the court of Rome with having no object in its religious ceremonies but that of exhibiting religious spectacles to the multitude, as it would amuse them with worldly pageantry? The desire I have expressed of seeing religion honoured with august ceremonies, which occupy the heart rather than the eyes, is a proof of my respect for it.

‘ But why should we exaggerate our scruples? Thanks to the paternal sceptre of the Bourbons, we are enjoying profound peace; every branch of industry and public prosperity is in the most flattering condition. Let us beware of troubling this calm by theological quarrels: while the sword of political broils reposes quietly in its scabbard, let us not endeavour to draw that of religion.’

pp. 246—61.

In the course of the Defence, M. de Santo Domingo declares, that, in his jealousy of Catholic missions, he is countenanced by the opinion of the most monarchical men in France; ‘ among whom,’ he says, ‘ I shall cite the Count de Montlosier, a man estimable for his virtue, piety, and attachment to the legitimate dynasty.’ ‘ Are you desirous of establishing religion and morality?’ is his language; ‘ dismiss your Jesuits and your friars.’ The ‘ *Memoire à consulter*’ has not yet fallen into our hands; but, in the Postscript to the present work by Count Montlosier, that worthy royalist thus explicitly states his fears with regard to the Jesuits, in reply to the reproaches cast upon his former publication by M. de Bonald.

‘ M. de Bonald pretends that my production resembles an indictment more than a *Memoire à consulter*. He is in the right. The present work, which is a formal accusation, proves that the preceding one to which it is a sequel, was prepared with the same intention. M. de Bonald wishes, that I had discussed his political and religious opinions: he would have allowed me to combat them. There is a large proportion of his political and religious opinions which I could not controvert, because, in them, I agree with him. From the first moment of my return to France, I have had the happiness of finding myself in accordance with him on the great questions of divorce, of marriage, of the institution of nobility, of the excellence and pre-eminence of the Catholic Religion, as well as of a monarchical government. In this reference, I have long wished for an opportunity to unite with him. When at length I perceived that he was one of

the *coterie* of the priests,—it has not been wholly unprofitable to him,—that he adopted and advocated their system of usurpation; when I perceived that he was almost as much a Roman as a Frenchman; that almost all his monarchy resided in the pope, almost all his Gospel consisted in the ritual; when I perceived that, with many others, he was sitting upon the egg which we have since seen hatched; I was led to regard him still as, no doubt, the friend of religion and monarchy, but, since it must be said, the most hostile, the most dangerous, the most fatal of friends.

‘M. de Bonald accuses me of having included him in an actual conspiracy against the monarchy, against society, against the throne. His accusation is just. To this he opposes only the remark, that “Conspiracies are not mere theories, but criminal intentions put in execution.” My reply is, that I have imputed neither to him nor to the other conspirators, criminal designs: I have, on the contrary, spoken of their excellent intentions.....On the subject of the Jesuits, M. de Bonald cites in their favour, the philosophers of the last century. I have no exception to make against their depositions in my cause. The testimony of such men in favour of the Jesuits, forms part of my evidence against them.

‘M. de Bonald complains, that a certain party is more afraid of seeing the Jesuits return to France, than it would be of seeing the Cossacks again in the midst of Paris. *I belong to this party.* If a hundred thousand Cossacks were encamped in the plain of Grenelle or in that of Sablons, we should know how to accost or to attack them. But a moral pestilence, which insinuates itself like a poison in the veins of the body politic, and which, to escape detection, assumes every attraction and every shape;—men skilful in covering themselves with the mantle of kings, while watching for the opportunity either to subjugate or to assassinate them; how are such men to be dealt with? How shall we attack a militia at once religious and political, and, which in virtue of this double title, knows how to entrench itself behind the altar and the throne?’

The whole of this volume is highly deserving of attention; but, as it is our intention to take another opportunity of advert-
ing to the state of religion and of religious parties in France, we shall waive any further notice of its contents for the present, and return to the Roman Tablets.

As the object of M. de Santo Domingo is more particularly to depict the state of morals in the Papal capital, it may be expected, that many of the details must be of a very revolting description. The Author disclaims any intention to offend the most scrupulous delicacy; but the very disclaimer will serve as a warning. A true picture of Rome or of Naples in the nineteenth century, must be as unfit for the perusal of female modesty or ingenuous youth, as the not less faithful but polluting pictures of the sixteenth century in the works of Boccaccio. It is not with any view to recommend the work,

that we avail ourselves of the information it contains. We can neither extend our approbation to all the Author's sentiments,* nor give an unreserved and implicit belief to all his statements and anecdotes. Of the substantial correctness of his representations, we have, however, no reason to be sceptical; and it is with these only, not with either his motives or his opinions, that we have to do. The following paragraphs describe the general character of the modern Roman circles.

'The Romans call their evening societies *conversazione*. No term was ever more misapplied. The art of conversation, that delicate fruit of civilization, is totally unknown at Rome as well as at Naples. In the *conversazione*, that which is least spoken of, that which they occupy themselves the least about, and which is ranked among the last details of life and social insignificance, is religion.'

'When they ask a stranger whether he have seen the principal objects of curiosity in the city, such as the statues, monuments, &c., the pope is always comprised in the enumeration: *Avete veduto il campo Vaccino, il Museo, il Papa?* (Have you seen the Campo Vaccino, the Museum, the Pope?) They rank the holy father among the antiquities and the masterpieces of the fine arts, because they all contribute in drawing foreigners to Rome, the only people who cause a little money to circulate, and give some activity to the spiritless industry of the inhabitants: for this reason they lamented the rape of the pope, as they did the rape of the Apollo di Belvedere and the Laocoon; and they saw him re-enter the gates of the city, with the same transports of joy with which they greeted the return of the Laocoon and Apollo.

'The whole of the pontifical court,—all the priests who aspire to the prelacy,—all the prelates, who are candidates for the red hat,—those who season their flattery with the double unction of the throne and the altar, did not fail to assure his holy majesty, that the joy of his subjects was occasioned by a pure love for his person. Perhaps Pius VII gave credit to all this, because he found it much easier to believe in the love of his subjects than to merit it.

'If they speak of the pope in this laconic style, in assimilating him to the objects which support commerce, what can they say of the cardinals? Nothing during their lifetime: they occupy themselves with them only at their death, in running to see the pageantry of their funeral, which is celebrated with an extravagant pomp and all the pride of nothingness; for at Rome, all is outward show; every

* It is but too evident, indeed, from a few ill-concealed sarcasms, to what school of *Christians* the Author belongs. At page 9, he speaks of the Jews refusing to become *theophagi*, i. e. refusing to believe in transubstantiation, as not less justly exposing them to maltreatment, than 'Christians' are made liable to an eternity of sufferings because our first parents were disobedient.

thing is done to amuse the eyes and ears. They will tell a traveller, he cannot leave Rome without seeing the carnival and the *functions* of the Passion Week, as though they considered them both as masquerades. It appears, in fact, that the object of the ultramontane religion, by the diversion which it affords, is to turn the soul aside from pious meditation, and attach it to the earth. Among all that immense population which assembles in the interior and exterior of the church of Saint Peter, there is not one sentiment of gratitude directed towards the Creator of the universe: all eyes are fixed upon the pope, and their thoughts do not rise higher than his triple crown.

‘If you be desirous of knowing to what degree of insignificance the intellect of man may be reduced, you should see Rome when religion displays all its solemnities.’ pp. 12, 13.

Among the most remarkable of these is that which is celebrated on Maunday Thursday, which is thus described.

‘In a short time, a martial music announced the approach of his holiness. He made his appearance mounted on a throne borne on men’s shoulders, at the grand balcony of the front of the church. The music immediately ceased. The soldiers and populace knelt in the most profound silence. The sovereign pontiff then rose, and blessed *the city and the universe* three times.

‘This benediction, which passes the narrow limits of ordinary benedictions; the pontiff bending under the weight of three crowns and three quarters of a century, and suspended as it were between heaven and earth; those fountains spouting out their water with a uniform noise, in the midst of a still more uniform silence; that Egyptian obelisk opposing its hieroglyphical characters to the mysteries of the Catholic religion; all served to excite my astonishment, and rouse my sensibility. But if the pope had been young instead of being old, the illusion would have been destroyed. A moment after the benediction, the pope retired; the crowd pressed towards the Clementina chapel, to be present at washing the apostles’ feet. They who performed this part were dressed in a cassock of coarse white flannel, with a cap of the same materials; they were placed on a bench elevated on a sort of stage. I knew the pastor of the church belonging to the Lucchese, who represented the apostle St. Peter. He is an excellent man, of great rectitude of conduct, and incapable of denying his friends. He made me a sign to approach him. The crowd, perceiving that St. Peter the apostle wished to speak to me, made way immediately.

‘On a sudden, every eye was directed towards the pope, who entered by a secret door, and placed himself upon his throne. Behind him was a very rich piece of tapestry representing two lions, supporting the pontifical arms with their paws. The painter has made a mistake, said I to myself; lambs would have been more suitable to a religion which is all meekness. Lions are emblematical of despotism and violence; the popish religion knows no other despotism than that of persuasion: the lion spreads murder and carnage around

him to satisfy his appetite, but the Romish church, as every one knows, has always had a horror for shedding blood. I was still endeavouring to find out the allegorical sense of this tapestry, when the holy father, dressed in a simple white tunic, advanced toward the apostles, threw a little water on their right foot, wiped it, and kissed it. What is meant by this pretence of adding to the act of humility performed by Jesus, who was content with washing the two feet of his disciples, without kissing them? Overdoing a part is not good acting.

‘The holy ablution was scarcely finished, when I was carried away by the throng toward the Paulina chapel, where the last supper is celebrated. I was squeezed as though I had been in a vice. In looking around me, I observed that the torrent which bore me along was composed principally of English men and women. The latter were of a livid paleness in consequence of the extreme pressure: they could not have supported it, if the sentiment of curiosity had not given them strength. The immoderate fondness which these English heretics have for the ceremonies of a religion that damns them without an appeal, is very extraordinary. At length, amid the groans of the British fair, who were squeezed nearly flat by the crowd, I contrived to get close to the table, where the apostles, without allowing themselves to be disconcerted by the spectators, ate and drank vigorously. The holy father, aided by his chamberlain, presented wine and some of the dishes to his guests. He was in continual exercise, although he did not partake of the banquet. But Jesus Christ, the evening before his death, ate and drank with his disciples. Thus, in the ceremony of washing the feet, and in this, the vicar at one time exceeds, and at another does not fully conform to the example given him by his Divine Master.

‘When the apostles were satiated, they retired, carrying with them the remains of the repast, the napkin which had wiped their feet, their dress of white flannel, and two medals to commemorate the event, one of silver, the other of gold. Formerly they were allowed to put the silver goblet into their pocket, but the pope thought it was too great an imitation of Lucullus, of profane memory: these goblets, therefore, are now left on the table, to the great displeasure of the apostles. The good pastor of the Lucchese church sighed heavily in speaking to me about the goblet.

‘If, to use the expression of Henry IV. of France, my eyes had thirsted to see a king, they might have satiated themselves upon the late king of Naples during the last supper. I was opposite to him nearly an hour. He was nearly six feet in height: his large oblong head appeared to have settled itself, from its great weight, in between his shoulders: a large quantity of gray hair, quite straight, hung dangling about his peaked forehead and over his face, which But why should I finish this portrait? Is it possible for a king to be ugly?

‘Devotion became his physiognomy very well. He was mumbling some prayers between his teeth. What they were I know not; but without question the happiness of his people was the object of them. It was said, that he remained at Rome to perform various devotional exercises, but more particularly to be absolved by the pope from his

late oaths of fidelity to the constitution—oaths which he had taken on the Gospel.’

‘I was really disposed to admire every thing that concerns the religion of Rome; nevertheless I was compelled to acknowledge, that the Sestina Chapel offered a very profane spectacle on Good Friday;—a multitude of eunuchs singing an effeminate and sensual music, in presence of the great picture of Michael Angelo, representing *the Day of Judgement*, and the eternal torments reserved for a single thought of the nature of those which this singing so eloquently expressed; a crowd of Roman, English, and French ladies, elegantly dressed, their bosoms throbbing with delight at this enchanting harmony, while from time to time they cast a pensive glance at these animated instruments; black, white, and piebald monks conversing together, playing with their girdles, their eyes betokening wantonness, and their thoughts certainly not occupied with the great mystery of the redemption. I left the Sestina chapel, far from edified by the ceremony; and sighing at the recollection of this scandalous exhibition, I went to the Palatine mount, and, among the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, I meditated on the perpetuity of the Popish religion.’

‘It is in vain, that the holy father surrounds himself with a grand ceremonial pomp, which formerly fascinated the eye and confounded the understanding; his subjects now pay no attention to it, except to calculate what all this pageantry costs them. In vain this pontiff envelops himself with a mantle glittering with gold and precious stones; the imagination strips him of it. I have been surprised at the lukewarmness, and almost indifference, shown by the greater part of the Romans of the present day for the solemnities of the church. I lodge at the house of two old female devotees, who have no other society than a dozen of monks: notwithstanding this, they were not present at the ceremonies of the Passion Week. They told me they had seen enough of ceremonies. The *trans-tiberine* populace and foreigners alone compose the crowd who run to see the religious functions as to a worldly spectacle. I acknowledge, that the popish worship could not exist without ceremonies to captivate the sight; but the eye, after having seen every thing, will be satiated, and become disdainful. I have known a goatherd, dressed in skins from head to foot, exclaim, at the sight of the famous illuminated cross suspended in St. Peter’s, *It is not equal to the setting sun!* and fancied I heard the sentence of annihilation of all this artificial display called holy pomp. The sacristies of Rome will very soon be obliged to melt all their plate, if the people continue to make similar comparisons, and jest instead of adoring. Yesterday, the pope having given his benediction *urbi et orbi* from the balcony of St. Peter’s, some papers containing indulgencies were thrown down among the people. The rabble, who formerly struggled with each other to procure these indulgencies, cried out with indifference, *It would be better to give us tickets for bread from the baker!* Can any one doubt of an imminent revolution in the Papal States, when, in the centre even of this territory, eyes darkened by superstition and prejudice are seen raising themselves toward the light of truth? It is in vain, that the government redoubles its

efforts to teach its vassals ignorance and passive obedience; they begin to find it ridiculous, that a man should command their reason to smother itself; they have observed that animals of prey alone are partisans of darkness.'

'How can it be accounted for, that, in the city which is not the most tolerant in the world, where certificates of communion are exacted from the inhabitants, there exists the most unlimited tolerance for foreigners, even with respect to all the ceremonies that take place in the open air? It is not at Rome, that the law will attack those who do not ornament their windows on the festival of Corpus Christi; it is not at Rome, that a cross-bearer will oblige you to take off your hat in passing him: they suppose you have your reasons for not uncovering your head, or, what is more probable, they do not pay attention to it. You may be surrounded with processions of all sorts, in the midst of a swarm of monks of all colours, without being obliged to notice them. The noisy retinue of the pope always gives notice of his passage through the streets of Rome; but the consecrated wafer, which contains the real presence, often passes incognito. Alas! do not their motives for this conduct proceed from a calculation of gain? Convinced of the advantage of having foreigners among them, they affect not to see their indifference toward the religious usages of the country, because their concourse supplies the absence of industry.'

The Rev. Mr. Lingard has lately put forth a pamphlet, in which he endeavours to exculpate the French monarch from having authorized the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Will the Court of Rome thank him for this? In the Sistine chapel, there are three large pictures in commemoration of the principal scenes of that horrible drama.

'The first picture represents Coligny, wounded by the arquebuse of the assassin Moreval, and carried into his house: on it is written, *Gaspar Colignius amirallius accepto vulnere domum refertur. Greg. XIII., Pont. Max. 1572.* In the second picture, the admiral is massacred in his palace, with Teligny his son-in-law, and some others; on it are these words: *Cædes Colignii et sociorum ejus.* In the third, the king of France is informed of the murder of Coligny, and testifies his satisfaction at it; *Rex Colignii necem probat.* A groupe of assassins are seen carrying the unfortunate Coligny in triumph; their ferocious looks appear to reproach death with having released the admiral too soon from his torments. At a little distance, other hired assassins are seen, with a cross in one hand and a poniard in the other, rushing on women and children, who are begging for mercy in vain; further on, in the back ground, a number of assassins are discovered mounting on a heap of dead bodies, to scale the houses of those they want to murder.—When the court of Rome shall be summoned before the tribunal of justice and humanity, as author, or at least as accomplice of this enormous crime, these pictures will appear as terrible accusing witnesses. They will say, 'We have

served as an ornament for a chapel of the Vatican for two hundred and fifty years; we have seen twenty-six popes succeed each other, who have all been to glut their sight with the murders which we represent: they have made us, as they have a number of other images, the object of their worship.' What will the partisans of popery answer to this? That the popes, who have succeeded Gregory XIII, have allowed these pictures to exist merely out of deference for their departed brother? This is not a sufficient excuse; for the sovereign pontiffs have made no scruple of revoking, breaking, and annulling the decrees of their predecessors. Has not Pius VII. re-established the Jesuits in all their prerogatives, abolished by a solemn bull of Clement XIV.? Will they pretend that Pius VII. is ignorant of the existence of these pictures? This cannot be; for he is continually passing through the room where they are placed, and they are of the largest dimensions; besides, this pontiff is prefect of the *holy* Inquisition, the innumerable eyes of which are ever on the watch.—Yes; the mere existence of these paintings is an indelible proof of the sanction, every day renewed by the court of Rome, of the conduct of those detestable cannibals, authors of that horrible carnage on the night of Saint Bartholomew. This is not all: the pope caused medals to be struck with his effigy; on the reverse, an exterminating angel, armed with a crucifix and a sword, is destroying all before him; it has this motto: *Ugonottorum Strages* (Slaughter of the Hugonots).—But at length this proud Babel, which has so long dominated over the palaces of kings, begins to totter; its foundations are shaken, and it must soon fall; it is not the confusion of languages, but the language of reason, which will consummate its ruin. The papal knot, more complex than the Gordian, will be cut by the constitutional sword. Representative government, which is become an imperious necessity for civilized nations, has as irreconcilable an antipathy to the dominion of the tiara as Hercules to Antæus: the one must suffocate the other.' pp. 208—10.

The vices of the papal government as exemplified both in the criminal and the fiscal administration,—the pusillanimous or interested policy pursued towards the brigands who overrun this 'land of indulgencies,'—the *cavalletto* and the use of torture,—the system of monopoly pursued in respect to the necessities of life,—all these are harmonious features of that monstrous yet imbecile despotism which has converted the Campagna into a desert, and the Church into a puppet-show.

'Almost all the bakers' shops belong to dignitaries of the Church: they who appear as masters of them, are merely the deputies of these *reverendissimi*. If any of the laity attempt to exercise this species of industry, they are liable to a thousand vexations, penalties, &c.; and they generally abandon it hopeless of success.....It is not with baking only that the cardinals soil their purple robes; they have also their share in the grocers' shops, and generally in all the necessities of life which find a daily and lucrative

sale. It is thus that they occupy themselves for the public good. To the monopoly of grain, the Government adds the monopoly of oil: this is striking at the heart of agriculture. The unfortunate husbandman is compelled to dispose of the produce of his labour on terms dictated by the Government; and he is often obliged to buy the same article at a very high rate, which he has been obliged to sell at a very low price.'

The morals of the modern Romans, the *cicisbeo* system, the deepening shades of licentiousness which distinguish the Parisian, the Roman, and the Neapolitan women,—these are subjects into which we cannot enter. The following statement, however, if we may depend upon its accuracy, is too expressively characteristic of the state of society to be withheld.

'The glow of shame is never seen on the cheek of the Neapolitan woman: the Roman woman can still blush. The latter associates religion with her intrigues as a consoler, the former as an accomplice. The Neapolitan woman, to preserve herself from all the dangers of an illicit connexion, places herself with confidence under the protection of the Holy Virgin; she exclaims, *La Madonna mi ajuti* (May the holy Virgin aid me); the Roman woman says, *La Madonna mi perdoni* (May the holy Virgin pardon me).

"You will see me at the church of *Gesu-Maria*," said a young Roman dame to a Frenchman; "after mass we will take a walk." He went to the rendezvous at the hour appointed. When the mass was ended, he approached the lady cautiously; she made him a sign not to disturb her. "Allow me to observe, madam, that the office is finished." "I know it very well," answered she, "but I always hear two masses."

'Can those' (asks this Writer) 'who have vowed never to become fathers, have any paternal sentiments for their species? Can those, we might also ask, who have vowed never to enter into the conjugal relation, feel as men ought to feel on the point of female purity and domestic morality? Such a man has no longer any immediate interest in the maintenance of a high-toned morality. The institutions of society are all against him, because he has renounced them all. Every man, on becoming a husband and a father, may be considered as giving bond, under heavy penalties, to respect the honour and the interests of others. The celibacy of the Romish clergy withdraws them from the operation of any moral restraint arising from the reciprocal interests of men in society, and the obligations of both the domestic and the social compact. And what is the consequence? In proportion to the numbers and ascendancy of a *Cybeleian* priesthood, woman is found dishonoured and degraded, the relation of husband ceases to confer security, and the name of parent almost ceases to be honourable.

Art. IV. *A Paraphrase of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians; with Explanatory Notes.* By the Rev. J. G. Tolley. 8vo. pp. 348. London, 1826.

AS religious controversies among Christians originate in the different views which are taken by them of the design and meaning of the Sacred Scriptures, and as the contentions which have thus been raised are among the evils which all Christians deplore, the termination of every kind of religious controversy, as the result of a generally received uniform interpretation of the Scriptures, must appear 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.' The existing state of religious profession, however, and the character of the exegetical works which are circulated by the several classes of Christian theologians, would seem to indicate, that the time is still distant when the oppositions and differences of religious professors, who acknowledge the Bible as the standard of their opinions, will be extinguished by the illuminations of truth producing in all of them the same apprehensions of the same objects. In temper and in manner, something has been already gained, as testimony in favour of our improvement in the spirit essential to the successful prosecution of religious discussion; but our diversities in sentiment are not diminished.

A living infallible interpreter of Sacred Scripture would afford unspeakably great advantages to persons seriously engaged in the pursuit of truth. To be guided aright in the most important of all inquiries, to have the causes of error so far removed from us as not to induce by their influence incorrect and inadequate perceptions and devious conclusions into our understandings, would be a safeguard to our principles for which our debt of gratitude would be large. The promise of such protection is, indeed, held out by the advocates of the Church of Rome, and to her authority our submission is claimed, as guarding the ancient uniformity of belief, and dictating the explications which are to be received of the sense of Revelation. But, for this authority, the claims which she asserts are altogether nugatory and visionary. Her character and acts afford no presumption in favour of her appointment to so high an office. Her secularity and her crimes denounce her usurpation. Her wisdom is neither pure nor peaceable, is not either gentle or full of mercy and good fruits, and is not therefore heavenly. Her craft, and frauds, and cruelties, are incompatible with the qualities which are inseparable from the custody and propagation of the truth. It is not the key of knowledge that admits into her territories, over which ignorance and superstition spread their overshadowing wings, and

where tyranny bears down the mind in debasing captivity. The state into which we wish the controversies of religion to subside, is widely different from the state into which the authority of the Church of Rome would impel those jarring elements, and cannot possibly be produced by the coercive methods which she employs. The reduction of these disorders into harmony must be effected by the evidence and the force of truth, making manifest the errors from which they proceed, and introducing into the understandings of the erring, the light of knowledge. In joining himself to those who keep the unity of the faith in the bond of peace, every man must perceive the way by which he is to advance to that fellowship; he cannot surrender himself to ignorant guides, or to a conductor who refuses to give satisfactory proof of his competence for the office. Now, this is precisely the character of the Church of Rome. Her pretensions are high, even to extravagance. But she produces no vouchers by which her pretensions might be established, and her vaunts justified. Her living infallible interpreter of Scripture is a fiction. Her traditions, declared by the partisans combined to support her usurpations, and practising intrigue and fraud in her service, to be of equal authority with the word of God contained in the Holy Scriptures, are only the opinions of men. Her methods of instructing mankind in Christian verities, possess no advantage which should raise her to eminence; and she is unable to furnish them with the means of discriminating truth from error. In these respects, the slightest investigation of her claims is sufficient to shew her entire destitution of the supports necessary to establish their validity, and will enable us to detect and expose her assumptions as being among the grossest absurdities and the most monstrous impositions which have ever been practised on the credulity of the world.

The only mode of ascertaining truth is the examination of its evidences; and its influence and effects are to be expected, only as it shall be received on the conviction of the mind to which its proofs are addressed. Prejudices can be successfully opposed only by the means of knowledge, and erroneous interpretations of Scripture must be displaced by the circulation of those which are correct. Existing diversities of religious sentiment cannot be remedied by the interposition of authority in alliance with ignorance; but they may be moderated and abated by the labours of wise and good men directed to the consideration of the causes in which they originate, and to the investigation of the records to which the parties professedly appeal. In this service, the Author of the present work has engaged. He writes for the purpose of promoting

agreement among Christians on the great doctrines of the Gospel; and, regarding the manner in which they have generally been exhibited as defective, and as less spiritual and abstract than is requisite to induce a correct acquaintance with them, he proposes to take new views of some of the subjects comprised in the Epistle which he has selected for illustration. With the spirit which pervades his discussions, we have been uniformly pleased; it is calm and Christian: but to some of his positions and arguments we have not been able to give our assent. The former appear to us to be deviations from the simplicity which belongs to the Apostolic doctrines; and the Author's reasonings in support of them are too recondite to allow us to hope that he has discovered the principle by which the agreements of the Scriptures are to be demonstrated. There are readers among those for whose use his work is intended, to whom we should fear his statements will in some instances seem less perspicuous than is necessary for the ready perception of their import, and to whom some of his arguments will appear forced and inconclusive. He has, however, calculated on the slow and partial reception of his modes of instruction, as well from the disinclination of readers in general to such methods, as from the novelty with which some of his interpretations are invested. A peculiarity of his Exposition consists in an endeavour to point out the spiritual view which should be taken of the scriptural doctrines.

‘It is from a suggestion in the second chapter of this Epistle (v. 13), that the notion of so viewing them has been derived. It is true, indeed, that this notion is founded on a different rendering of the passage from what is given in our version. But there are various opinions about its true meaning. The translation here given has not been adopted without the fullest consideration of both the passage itself and the connexion, and I have explained my reasons for it in the notes. I may, however, here remark, that assuredly this is the appropriate way of viewing the doctrines, and the only one in which their real meaning can be discerned; moreover, that it is that in which they must ultimately be considered. But doubtless, it is not to be expected that the generality of persons will be at once induced to enter into these abstract and spiritual views of religion. All that can be reasonably hoped, is, that this mode of exposition should be silently and gradually received, and so work its own way on the mind. But I am inclined to think, that it is only as Christians accustom themselves to this mode of reflection that they will ever come to an agreement on the great doctrines of the Gospel. The ordinary representations of them, under sensible images, and notions derived from the present life, have necessarily in them so much of uncertainty and imperfection that, while so considered, they will always be open to doubt and cavil. Indeed, the leading object

throughout this Epistle seems to be, to draw the reader to this spiritual mode of reflection in as easy and familiar a way as the nature of the subject will admit of; for this is the point of view in which its topics are chiefly considered.' p. ix.

The Exposition before us has, in many particulars, been conducted on the peculiar apprehensions of the Author respecting the commission and circumstances of the Apostle Paul, to whom he represents the doctrine of salvation by faith in a crucified Redeemer as having been confided for delivery in an original and singular manner, and from whom the other Apostles received the full knowledge of it; and he describes him as failing, in consequence of his appointment to the Apostleship being altogether unconnected with that of the Twelve, to receive from them such countenance and support as would give personal consequence to his ministry. For these views, Mr. Tolley refers us to some of his former publications, which have escaped our notice, and on the statements and reasonings of which, therefore, we are not prepared to pronounce an opinion. But to us it seems a most unwarrantable hypothesis, to consider any deficiency in respect to Christian knowledge as existing in the other Apostles, which was to be supplied by communications from the last appointed of the extraordinary ministers of Christ. To us it appears that the promise of the Redeemer assured to the Apostles the full measure of all Christian truth; and in the fulfilment of that promise, which respected the perfection of their qualifications as religious instructors, they must have been furnished with the most clear and entire knowledge of the principles which gave the gospel to which their ministry was dedicated, its distinction, as exhibiting the doctrine of salvation through faith in a crucified Saviour. The conversion and Apostolic mission of St. Paul, however necessary they might be in other respects, could not be indispensable towards the completion of the endowments of the other Apostles. For those events they never appear to have waited, as if previously to their occurrence they could be exercising only a partially enlightened and inefficient ministry. No intimation is conveyed in the New Testament of his being appointed their instructor: their ministry would seem to be in every respect independent of his call and designation. That the Apostle did not always receive the deference which was due to his high character and office, the contents of his epistles sufficiently attest; but the neglect and opposition which they detail, or which may be included in any of their references, do not appear to be chargeable to the account of the other Apostles, all, or most of whom, were the objects of similar hostility, and were partakers of the same kind of

treatment. In what manner Mr. Tolley has attempted to establish the positions in question in his former publications, we have not the opportunity of learning; but unless his reasonings be of less questionable character than the following specimen in the work before us, they cannot be of much force.

'1 Corinth. iv. 9. "Us, the last apostles,"—that is, Paul and his company. He was literally the last apostle. But I think there is an allusion to his having been appointed subsequently to the twelve, and then only by a private communication to himself and Ananias, without any notice to the heads of the church, or explanation to them of the reason of this unlooked for increase of their number (Acts ix. 1—30). This circumstance, in the mode of his appointment, was a great obstacle to the proper influence of his authority, as will be evident to those who attentively consider his history. In fact, it set upon him, in the public opinion, a mark of inferiority to the twelve, which was increased by the want of that cordial support from them, which their not immediately perceiving the true nature of his doctrine, prevented them from giving him (see my sermon, "St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh explained"). And, therefore, what he says in this verse, and in some other passages, in this and other Epistles, in derogation of his apostleship, is with reference to those things.'

Note. p. 184.

The Greek construction is clearly against this explanation of the passage, and requires the rendering of the Public Version, 'God hath set forth us the apostles last.'—*τους αποστολους ισχατους*, is the reading, not *τους αποστολους τους ισχατους*, which would be necessary to justify the version approved by Mr. Tolley. We have not in detail the history of the other apostles, but there is no reason for doubting that their circumstances and sufferings were similar to those of St. Paul. The predictive address of their Lord had intimated to them the sufferings which were in reserve for them—'Ye shall be 'hated of all men;' and we cannot therefore suppose that the Apostle Paul would describe himself as forming in this respect an example singular and unprecedented.

The subjoined extract, comprising the text of a part of the Epistle in the translation of the Public Version, with Mr. Tolley's Paraphrase, contains the passage to which he refers in his preface, and which we have already quoted, from which his mode of interpreting Scripture is professedly derived.

' CHAPTER II.

'1. And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

' 2. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

' 3. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.

' 4. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

' 5. That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

' 6. Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought:

' 7. But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory.

' 8. Which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known *it*, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.

' 9. But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

' 10. But God hath revealed *them* unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

' 11. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

' 12. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

' 13. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

' 14. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know *them*, because they are spiritually discerned.

' 15. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.

' 16. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.

PARAPHRASE.

1. ' And accordingly, brethren, when I came to you in the discharge of my apostolical commission, I came not declaring to you the testimony which Christ sent me to give respecting the dealings of God with mankind, with the supposed excellence of arguing in support of my preaching on the principles of human reasoning, or of delivering a system planned according to human
2. wisdom. For I did not think that even among you who are distinguished for intellectual acquirements, there was need of knowing any thing as a principle for regulating the conduct, except that Jesus is the Messiah, and that he was as such crucified.
3. And, accordingly, I addressed you on these considerations,

- which in a worldly sense are weak, with a scrupulous regard to my instructions, and much anxiety lest I should fail in a due adherence to them; and as also the enforcement of my doctrine was not by urging the topics which human wisdom employs for persuasion, but by an exhibition of the power of the Holy Spirit in its support. Which things were so appointed in order that your religious dependence might be placed, not on human wisdom, but on the power of Almighty God.
6. 'But nevertheless we publish a system of wisdom in the judgment of those who are perfect as to the disposition of their minds, and thereby qualified to appreciate it: yet not a system of wisdom derived from our present state of existence, nor from those who, for a time, had the lead in religious knowledge through the dispensation adapted to our present existence; but, in opposition to those notions, we publish a system of wisdom, emanating from God, undiscoverable by human reason, and partially revealed by types and prophecies, which system, it is thence evident, God had, previously to his temporary dispensations, determined to introduce into the world, for the purpose of promoting us to a state of glory; which system, however, none of those who have the lead in religious knowledge through the dispensation adapted to our present existence have understood, though it was thus revealed in that dispensation; for had they understood it, they would not have crucified the dispenser of this glory. But neither is it discoverable by natural reason, nor intelligible to the worldly minded, as appears from what is said by Isaiah in Chap. lxiv. v. 4. of his prophecy, where, in allusion to the Christian dispensation, it is written, "the things which human eye hath never seen, and human ear hath never heard of, and which it hath never entered into the human mind to conceive, these are the things which God hath prepared to be revealed to them that love him." To us his apostles, however, God hath revealed these things through the agency of his Spirit, who is fully able to reveal them, for the Spirit of God can trace all his counsels, even those which have been kept most secret from mankind. And to be convinced that it is only by the Spirit of God that they could be revealed to us, judge from analogy with human affairs, for what human being is conscious of a man's designs except his own mind within him? In like manner, also, no being is conscious of the designs of God, except the Spirit of God.
 12. But, then, conformably to this medium of communication, we have received, not a worldly disposition of mind, but a spiritual one derived from God, as the means for enabling us to understand the revelations which have been graciously bestowed upon us by God.
 13. And which we publish in terms taught us, not by human wisdom, but by the Holy Spirit, combining with them under his direction spiritual knowledge for the spiritually-minded. (And we thus act, because he who considers things with a view to this life only, which is the natural condition of every man, is not disposed to receive the knowledge which proceeds peculiarly from the Spirit of God, for to him it seems foolishness, neither can he apprehend it,

- since to be rightly apprehended it must be spiritually considered in reference to a spiritual state of existence; and therefore, to him, and so to men in general, spiritual knowledge could not be
15. openly addressed; but he, who by divine influence is become spiritually-minded, considers all the truths of the gospel, thus delivered under these modes of speech, in their appropriate spiritual point of view, and is, therefore, able to apprehend them rightly; and at the same time, his results do not require to be considered
 16. by any one in any other point of view.) And by the Holy Spirit only could we be taught how to publish them; for what man has ever known by human wisdom the design of God in the gospel dispensation, and shall therefore instruct him in the mode in which the divine revelations respecting it are to be published, and without which knowledge they could not be rightly published? but we thus have through the Holy Spirit a knowledge of the design imparted to us from Christ, and are, therefore, enabled under the guidance of the Holy Spirit to publish them rightly.'

Mr. Tolley's paraphrase of the passage which comprises the Apostolic formula respecting the Lord's supper, Chap. xi. 23, &c., may be quoted as a fair example of the principle on which his interpretations are constructed; and will very strikingly shew the manner in which he presents to the Christian reader of the Scriptures, the knowledge which he supposes to be intended by the sacred writers, and the perception of which in their writings he reckons of the greatest importance in respect to a general agreement in the profession of Christian doctrine.

- 'I told you that the Lord Jesus on the night in which he was betrayed (by permitting which God declared his mission to be
24. ended) took bread: and having given thanks to the Father for the support which he had received throughout his earthly life, he broke the bread into parts, and distributing them to his apostles, said to them, Take, eat; this bread, thus broken into parts, is an emblem of the religious and moral qualities united in me under a bodily constitution, but divided on your account, and separately distributed among you as Christians. Eat bread with this typical reference from time to time, so as to be a personal memorial of
 25. me in my bodily constitution. The cup also, he in like manner gave them separately, after they had together eaten the bread, saying to them, This cup thus filled with wine, is an emblem of the new covenant respecting the souls of mankind, which I have established with God by means of the shedding of my blood. Drink wine with this typical reference from time to time in such a manner, that as often as you do it, you may make it a personal
 26. memorial of me as the mediator of that covenant. I cannot therefore praise the spirit in which you perform the rite; for it is clear from the above account, that as often as you eat bread and drink wine according to this institution, you, professedly, publish

from time to time, till our Lord come again, the fact of his death, with a view to counteracting the effect of not having him resident on earth to exhibit to us his personal character as a model for our imitation, and the effect of the assertion of those who, instead of regarding his death as the result of a covenant between God and him, by which his character is rendered available to human salvation, represent him to have died as a malefactor. So that whoever shall profess to eat bread, or drink wine, according to this institution, and do it in a manner unsuitable to the furtherance of those purposes, will be guilty of destroying the efficacy of the religious and moral qualities united in our Lord under a bodily constitution, but distributed among all his disciples, and of the shedding of his blood; and will accordingly be liable to the consequences of such conduct.'

These views of the symbols and design of the Eucharist appear to us to be too subtle and refined. It seems evident, both from the accounts of the original institution of the rite, and from the Apostle's recital, that the reference of the Lord's Supper is to the death of Christ, of which it is appointed to be the commemoration till time shall close. It was not intended, we believe, to exhibit to us the personal character of our Lord for our imitation. The death of Christ is a subject of consideration entirely distinct from the exhibition of the sublime virtues which adorned his character, and to which, in other connections, the primary regard of every Christian is due; and in the celebration of the Eucharist, it is the only distinct and special object of reference;—'Ye do shew the Lord's death.' In his notes, Mr. Tolley reasons at considerable length to support the views given in the paraphrase, of the import of the Apostle's formula respecting the ordinance. He objects against the common interpretation, that it supposes two actions appointed for one and the same purpose, since both the bread and the wine must equally, and wholly, refer to the body of our Lord and the circumstance of the crucifixion; and that the participle 'broken,' is not a suitable expression, literally interpreted, applied to the human body of our Lord, in reference to whom it is said, that 'a bone of him should not be broken.' To explain the word 'broken,' as meaning 'put to death,' is, he thinks, harsh.

'But if,' he proceeds to say, 'as proposed in the former note, we interpret the word body, in the sense of the religious and moral qualities of our Lord, the meaning is, that the united assemblage of them as existing in him was divided or broken into parts, in order to their being transferred to his disciples. And this must needs be the case. By him the character was sustained entire. By no other human being could it be, in our present imperfect state, otherwise than in part. The Christian society, that is, all believers in Christ, by

having these qualities distributed among them, would thus, collectively, possess the human character of our Lord, and, spiritually, form together his body.' p. 290.

We are not quite certain that our readers will receive this explication as a very intelligible one. We are not apprised of any passage of the New Testament, in which the spiritual and moral qualities of our Lord are represented as being his body. In those examples in which the society of Christians is described as a body, it is in reference to Christ as being the head; this is, however, a very different allusion from that which is implied in Mr. Tolley's representation. We see no impropriety in the application of the expression 'broken,' as figuratively denoting extreme suffering, to the body of Christ; and the parallel passage in Luke, 'my body which is given for you,' would seem to exclude the sense 'divided,' or distributed among you, for which the Author contends. In the Passover festival, the eating of the paschal lamb, and the sprinkling of its blood, were two distinct actions, referring to the same object, and were both included in the appointment of the rite. The death of Christ is represented by the Apostle as 'our Passover.' The common interpretation of the terms in the formula of the Eucharist, is certainly the most obvious; and though this may not be a reason with Mr. Tolley for admitting it, we cannot but conclude that it is more in agreement with the occasion of their original use, and with the design of the institution, than is the very abstract explication which he has given in the work before us.

On the words, 'The new covenant respecting the souls of mankind,' in his paraphrase, Mr. Tolley remarks in his note: 'That the redemption effected by our Lord is that of the soul distinct from the body, is a truth that will not be questioned.' Now, so far is this from being unquestionable, that the deliverance of the body from the power of sin, and from the dominion of death, is uniformly represented as being included in the redemption effected by our Lord. The words of Christ, 'I will raise him up at the last day,' and many other passages of similar import in the New Testament, are too explicit in reference to the benefits derived from Christ's death and mediation, to admit of the restriction implied in the preceding quotation.

Art. V. *Christian Characteristics*; or, an Attempt to delineate the most prominent Features of the Christian Character. By T. Lewis, Minister of Union Chapel, Islington. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 279. London. 1826.

THE first edition of the '*Christian Characteristics*,' escaped our attention. We are glad to find that it has received so much of the public patronage as to encourage the Author to send forth a second impression, and have no hesitation to add our recommendation of its merits to the suffrages which it has already received. It is a good practical book, evangelical in its sentiments, and in the spirit which pervades it. It is written without pretensions to higher qualities than those which are necessary to the communication of religious instruction intended for the advantage of common readers, to whom it will be very acceptable for the serious and earnest manner in which its several topics are discussed and enforced, and to whom it cannot fail of being highly useful. The delineation of the Christian character is comprised in a series of illustrative essays, founded on the classification of the Apostle Peter—Faith, Fortitude, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness, Brotherly Kindness, and Charity; preceded by three chapters, Introductory, On the Christian Character essential to Human Happiness, On the Formation of the Christian Character; and followed by a concluding chapter on the Advancement of the Christian Character. We shall copy an extract or two from the pages of Mr. Lewis, for the purpose of shewing to our readers the judicious mode in which he treats the subjects of his remarks.

'There is the *business* of life, or the employment to which the Christian's application is necessary for himself and his house. He has to "provide things honest in the sight of all men." Diligence in his lawful calling for such a purpose is his duty. It is commanded in the word of God—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." It is positively enjoined. The Apostle, alluding to some who had neglected this duty, says, "We command and exhort by the Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread." But there is danger of carrying this diligence to excess. Business may be plied with too intense an application of mental and physical powers. It then usurps the place of the "one thing needful." The man in this case suffers his mind to be racked with immoderate solicitude about his worldly pursuits. Not content with giving them only a proper share of his time and attention, nor duly trusting the kind providence of God, he engulphs himself in the perplexities and bustle of a fleeting existence. He distresses himself with those carping cares about to-morrow which our Lord

forbids. Covetousness and earthly mindedness take possession of his heart. An honest competence satisfies him not. He *will* be rich, and to this favourite object, not religion only, but peace and principle, health and honour, are all sacrificed.—And what further follows? He verifies the Apostolic conclusion, “They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition.” Against any propensity to a sin of this ruinous description, the Christian has need of temperance. Nor will his reasoning faculties alone be sufficient in this case. Many strong arguments against the folly and danger of loving and serving the world to excess may, indeed, be easily brought,—and as easily silenced, too, by the dominant power of a sinful nature. The grace of God is essential to victory here. The temperance which the Christian is required to exercise, is expressly styled a fruit of the Holy Spirit. When thus aided, he resists temptation with success; for then his resistance has a special reference to God. He has respect to his authority, and shuns what He has forbidden; he is actuated by supreme love to God, and pursues a higher object; readily conforming to the Apostle’s injunction, “Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have.”

‘2ndly. There are the *amusements* of life, or *recreations* to refresh nature from the fatigues of more serious business. Excess here is a very general transgression. The grace of temperance is requisite, to limit such employments within the strict bounds of innocence and usefulness. That the health both of mind and body demands occasional relaxation, we deny not; nor does religion forbid it. It condemns such exercises as, under the name of amusements, fatigue and waste, rather than refresh, the powers of nature. It prohibits that expenditure of time or property, by which our well-doing in society is injured, and our own moral improvement retarded. It frowns on every gratification of improper desires; and will not allow that to be an innocent recreation which is hurtful to our neighbour, or wantonly cruel to any animal existence. The religion of the Christian is humane and benevolent, in all its aspects. It permits him his recreations; but forbids him to learn them of the world. The fashionable practice and loose morality of such a school are fatal to Christian piety. This holy religion purifies the taste; and then we find our amusements in exercises which, while they unbend, improve the mind, and in employments which gratify the sympathetic and benevolent affections. But in a world where the amusements are so many exhibitions of coarseness, frivolity, or dissipation, the Christian is in danger of being borne away by the strong current of example, into some excess. He is in danger of forgetting the real worth and importance of his days and hours to his immortal interests, and sacrificing them to this world’s supremacy. Restraining grace is needful to preserve him here. The wisdom that cometh from above can alone teach him to discriminate between the mirth which ends in heaviness, and the enjoyments of an approving conscience, and shew him how to relax without folly, and to be merry without sin.’ pp. 127—30.

‘ 3. The Charity of the Gospel prompts the Christian to *every active service, or office of kindness in his power, for the secular good of his neighbour*. Acting under its influence he will not confine himself to alms-deeds. As he has opportunity, he is ready to do good, in every possible way, unto all men. It may be easy for him to bestow pecuniary relief; but he stops not there. His Charity is not of that calculating kind that takes up the cheaper and less laborious modes of benevolence. It sets him upon acts of self-denial and personal exertion. Wherever he sees he can render a desirable good, he applies himself to effect it, nor does the question of its cost delay him. In many cases his Charity permits him not to stay for solicitation. It sends him on errands of mercy;—to discover the retreats of unobtrusive, uncomplaining poverty and distress;—to find where the hungry, the naked, and the sick are languishing;—to enter the squalid hovels of human beings suffering all the varieties of wretchedness;—to look into those scenes of sadness, that would else have remained hid from the eye of Pity; to elicit and examine those tales that would not else have met a favourable ear; and to adjust to each case the kind and portion of relief which it seems to demand. This, so far as his own means extend, he does, with timely speed; and what is needful to the helpless and destitute, beyond his own resources, he labours to procure, by pleading their cause, in other quarters, sparing no exertion, till, from public institutions, or private benevolence, his object is obtained. Besides the immediate supply which the exigency requires, whether food, clothing, medicine, or household furniture, he freely affords to the objects of his charity the instruction, advice, or professional assistance, most likely to promote their subsequent and permanent welfare. In these services, he rouses to industry the indolent or dejected;—puts tools into the hands of needy workmen;—procures employment for them whom no man hath hired;—finds redress for the oppressed; and sends the children of the poor to schools and to honest trades.’ pp. 239—40.

There is a note at p. 238, relating to the withholding of contributions for the relief of the poor of the church at the Lord’s table;—of which we can only say, that it is an important one, and that the Author has done well to insert it.

Art. VI. 1. *Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Day*. With Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks. By John Johnstone. 18mo. pp. 560. Price 5s. 6d. Edinburgh. 1827.

2. *Sacred Specimens selected from the Early English Poets, with prefatory Verses*. By the Rev. John Mitford. 12mo. pp. xcvi. 238. Price 8s. 6d. London. 1827.

WE know not whether we may take to ourselves any credit as having evoked or elicited either of these volumes; but so it is, that, in this all-productive age, no sooner is a desidera-

tum suggested or a want expressed, than half a dozen competitors start up to supply the deficiency. The observation we threw out, in noticing some selections of sacred poetry, was to this effect; that a selection of our finest devotional poetry, beginning with the *early poets*, and comprising the productions of neglected authors, would really be valuable. The volumes before us, though not in all respects answering to our ideas or wishes, are distinguished by the meritorious attention which has been paid by their respective Editors to the works of our elder bards.

Mr. Johnstone prefaces his very elegant little volume with remarking that

‘There never were so many readers of compilations and extracts as now: and yet, but for certain accidental lights streaming in upon the pages of the ordinary caterers for the general taste, it would scarcely be guessed that poetry or the art of printing was above a half century old, in a country which has for ages possessed the richest and the most copious and varied literature in the world. There is no better nor surer means of elevating the taste and bracing the minds of a people beginning to be enervated by a feeble and diffuse literature, than to multiply cheap editions of the best parts of the works of those who were the true and manly fathers of the national mind. Nor, in this point of view, can a greater blessing be conferred on a people, than by clearing away the rubbish from those golden mines which they have long unconsciously possessed, and which they must prize the moment they are thrown open.’

The present volume, comprehending *Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry*, is intended to be the first of a Series; but the Editor’s plan does not seem to be quite matured, and he will find it somewhat difficult to adhere to the arrangement he proposes. Amatory and Patriotic Poetry, we venture to submit, cannot class otherwise than as ‘Lyrical.’ Of the present selection we may say in general, that it contains much that is little known from our elder poets, and more that cannot be repeated too often from many of our modern ones. Among the latter, the works of Grahame are laid under large contributions. The whole of the Sabbath is given, followed by his Sabbath Walks and some of the best executed of his Biblical Pictures and Miscellaneous Poems. There is also prefixed, a very interesting memoir of that excellent man, the

‘Bard of sinless life and holiest song.’

To these succeeds “The Grave” by Blair, one of the most popular performances, and deservedly so, in the language. With the exception of the Night Thoughts, no poetical work of a religious description has, perhaps, gone through a greater number of editions. Most of these, however, are very incorrect, and

Mr. Johnstone deserves well of his readers for having presented to them a correct edition of this admirable poem. Having paid this homage to the Muse of Scotland, by giving entire these popular productions of her two leading sacred poets, Mr. Johnstone addresses himself to the task of selecting materials for the remainder of his volume from the works of the British Poets at large, from Chaucer down to the present day. With regard to either the principle or the character of his selection, we deem it unnecessary to enter into minute criticism. He has evidently bestowed a praiseworthy diligence on the compilation, and there is every appearance of a wish to be impartial. Among the early poets from whose works specimens are given, will be found the names of Lord Vaux, Southwell, Sylvester, the Fletchers, Drayton, Donne, Jonson, Wotton, Quarles, Herbert, Sandys, King, Davis, Drummond, Crashaw, Walton, Herrick, and Vaughan. As a sample of this portion of the work, we give the following lines by Ben Jonson, which are remarkable for the spirit of deep and self-abasing devotion by which they are characterized.

‘ TO HEAVEN.

‘ Good and Great God ! can I not think of thee,
 But it must straight my melancholy be ?
 Is it interpreted in me disease,
 That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?
 O be thou witness, that the reins dost know,
 And hearts of all, if I be sad for show ;
 And judge me after, if I dare pretend
 To ought but grace, or aim at other end.
 As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
 First, midst, and last, converted One and Three,
 My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this state,
 My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
 Where have I been this while exil’d from thee ?
 And whither rapt, now thou but stoop’st to me ?
 Dwell, dwell here still : O, being ev’ry where,
 How can I doubt to find thee ever here !
 I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
 Conceive’d in sin, and unto labour born,
 Standing with fear, and must with horror fall ;
 And destin’d unto judgement after all.
 I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
 Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.
 Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death
 With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
 Of discontent ; or that these prayers be,
 For weariness of life, not love of thee.’ p. 247.

We are afraid, however, that these specimens of our early

poetry will not prove the most attractive portion of the volume. The extreme quaintness and false taste of many of the poems, will prevent them from pleasing that class for whom the selection appears to be adapted; and we should have thought that larger selections from our greater poets would have been preferable to a somewhat incongruous variety. The biographical notices will be found a pleasing and acceptable feature in the volume. The last division of the selection, consisting of *Specimens from Living Authors*, is, as might be anticipated, the least satisfactory. Several of the pieces inserted are of inferior merit, having little or no claim to distinction; while many of the most exquisite poems of contemporary writers are passed over. Among deceased poets, the Author of "*Essays in Rhyme*" ought not to have been forgotten. The omission of Charles Wesley's name is an unpardonable oversight; nor ought some others to have been neglected. Still, the volume altogether contains so much to commend and so little to find fault with, is so well intended and neatly executed, and is withal so cheap, considering the quantity of matter it comprises, that we cordially recommend it as a very pleasing Christmas present. We must make room for the following striking sonnet by Mr. Moir.

• THE COVENANTERS.

‘ Let us not mock the olden time: behold!
Grey mossy stones, in each sequester'd dell,
Mark where the champions of the Covenant fell,
For rights of faith unconquerably bold!
Let us not mock them; at his evening hearth,
While burn all hearts, the upright peasant tells,
For martyr'd saints what wondrous miracles
Were wrought, when blood-hounds track'd them through the
earth.
Let us not mock them: they, perhaps, might err
In word or practice; but deny them not
Unwavering constancy, which dared prefer
Imprisonment and death to mental thrall.
Yea, from their cruel and un murmuring lot,
Wisdom may glean a lesson for us all.’

p. 510.

Mr. Mitford's volume is of a very different description, less popular in its character, but claiming from us, in some respects, a more minute notice. It consists entirely of selections from our Early Poets, many of them of the highest interest. ‘That it might have been more complete and correct,’ the Editor says, ‘he is fully aware.

‘ Yet some indulgence may be extended to the execution of the work, when it is considered how scarce and difficult of access are many of the productions, and even the entire works of some of the

Early English Poets. The number of poets from whose works extracts are here given, is inferior, by about a third part, to that which the Catalogue of Mr. Ellis presents; but it must be recollected, that the present Editor was confined entirely to the selection of poems connected with sacred subjects and religious feeling, while the former ranged uncontrolled over the whole field of English Poetry. At the same time, the names of some Poets will be found in this volume, that are omitted by Mr. Ellis, and from whose writings no previous specimens have been presented to the public.'

But the question arises, Is the principle of selection a sound one, which leads an Editor to regard less the specific and intrinsic merit of the several compositions, than the number of authors whose names he may bring into his catalogue? If the object be to illustrate the history of English poetry, by exhibiting specimens of the changes in language, or by shewing the progress of taste, we admit, that the rarity of the work, as well as the very quaintness of the style, may be a sufficient recommendation of the poem extracted, and that the more extensive the range taken in selecting, the better. But, in compiling a volume of sacred poetry, we know of no other considerations that ought to determine the choice, than the striking cast of the sentiment, or the real beauty of the expression. Nor do we think that it would be difficult to fill a volume with specimens of this kind, which, though less interesting to the bibliographer or antiquary, would be extremely more gratifying to the lovers of devotional poetry.

We have been too much interested, however, by the contents of Mr. Mitford's volume, to murmur at his not having executed his task in all respects quite to our taste. Many of the less pleasing specimens are highly curious, and the volume will form a very acceptable addition to our library. As our first specimen of these *Specimens*, we cannot do better than give the following striking and pathetic stanzas by the Author of the *Silex Scintillans*.

' They are all gone into the world of light !

And I alone sit ling'ring here :

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts doth clear.

' It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,

Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest

After the sun's remove.

' I see them walking in an air of glory,

Whose light doth trample on my days :

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,

Mere glimmerings and decays.

' O holy hope ! and high humility !
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have shewed them to me,
To kindle my cold love.

' Dear, beauteous death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

' He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair vale or grove he sings in now,
That to him is unknown.

' And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So, some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

' If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up, gives room,
She'd shine thro' all the sphere.

' O Father of eternal life and all
Created glories under thee !
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

' Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.'

One specimen is given from ' Poems by John Milton.' We were at first ready to imagine that Mr. Mitford had lighted upon the works of some minor poet of that name, not to be found in Ellis, and whom we had never before heard of. It will hardly be credited that, as a specimen of the devotional poetry of the Author of *Paradise Lost*, we are here presented with one of ' the psalms done into metre, wherein all but what ' is in a different character are the very words of the text ' translated from the original.' This is the notice which prefaces the nine psalms from which Mr. Mitford has taken the one inserted in his volume, the lxxxii^d ; and it sufficiently accounts for the servility, baldness, and inelegance of the version. But Milton's own explanation of his design is suppressed, and we are left wholly to conjecture as to Mr. Mitford's motive for passing over the exquisite ode on the Nativity and the Sonnets, to say nothing of the sublime devotional passages in the larger poems, to give this doggrel as a

characteristic specimen of the Works of Milton! We must say, that either the judgement or the good faith of an Editor of *Specimens* is by such proceeding brought into question.

Milton's versions of the Psalms are confessedly a failure: they are, to use his own expression, 'done into verse,' and they are not well done. We are led to believe that his reverence for the sacred text prompted him to adhere as closely as possible to a literal rendering; but he mistook the principle upon which all metrical versions must be attempted in order to success, and he was hampered with his rhymes. Perhaps he mistook also, as others have done, the pleasure of composition for successful execution: that pleasure being derived, in this instance, from the study of the originals, the beauties of which he might imagine that he had transfused into his version, because it recalled them to his own mind, and thus reflected to his own eye a light and beauty which it could impart to no other. However this may have been, it must be acknowledged, that, even in comparison with George Sandys, his contemporary, he has failed as a metrical translator of the Psalms. The following specimen of Sandys's versions is very far superior to any that we recollect to have met with in any other author of the same date.

• PSALM XIX.

• God's glory the vast heavens proclaim;
 The firmament his mighty Name.
 Day unto day, and night to night,
 The wonders of his works recite.
 To these nor speech nor words belong,
 Yet understood without a tongue.
 The globe of earth they compass round,
 Through all the world disperse their sound.
 There is the Sun's pavilion set,
 Who from his rosy cabinet,
 Like a fresh bridegroom shews his face,
 And as a giant runs his race.
 He riseth in the dawning east,
 And glides obliquely to the west;
 The world with his bright rays replete,
 All creatures cherished by his heat.
 • God's laws are perfect, and restore
 The soul to life, even dead before.
 His testimonies, firmly true,
 With wisdom simple men endue.
 The Lord's commandments are upright,
 And feast the soul with sweet delight:
 His precepts are all purity,
 Such as illuminate the eye.

The fear of God, soiled with no stain,
Shall everlastingly remain.
Jehovah's judgements are divine;
With judgement he doth justice join;
Which men should more than gold desire,
Than heaps of gold refined by fire;
More sweet than honey from the hive,
Or cells where bees their treasures stive.
Thy servant is informed from thence:
They their observers recompense.
Who knows what his offences be?
From secret sins, O cleanse thou me!
And from presumptuous crimes restrain,
Nor let them in thy servant reign.
So shall I live in innocence,
Not spotted with that great offence.
My fortress, my deliverer!
O let the prayer my lips prefer
And thoughts which from my lips arise,
Be acceptable in thine eyes!

Sandys was a good classic scholar as well as an excellent traveller and pious man; and he has richly studded his *Travels* with citations from the Greek and Roman poets, subjoining his own translation in rhyme. Some of these deserve transcription. For instance: the following translation of part of one of Horace's odes (book i. ode 37), will bear a comparison at least with Francis's version, both as to spirit and fidelity. The poet is speaking of Cleopatra.

'Who, seeking nobly how to die,
Not, like a woman, timorously
Avoids the sword; nor, with swift oars,
Sought Nile's abstruse and untraced shores:
That with a clear brow durst behold
Her downcast state; and, uncontrolled
By horror, offer her firm breast
To touch of asps and death's arrest.
More brave in her deliberate end,
Great soul, disdaining to descend
To thralldom, and a vassal go
To grace the triumph of her foe.'

Ovid's description of Arion is given with not less ease and spirit by the learned Traveller.

——'Not life (quoth he) crave I;
But leave to touch my harp before I die.
They give consent and laugh at his delay.
A crown that might become the king of day,
He puts on, and a fair robe rarely wrought
With Tyrian purple. The strings speak his thought:

He (like a dying swan shot through by some
 Hard heart) sings, his own Epicedium.
 And then, clothed as he was, he leaps into
 The more safe sea, whose blue brine upward flew.
 When (past belief) a dolphin sets him on
 His crooked back; a burden erst unknown.
 There set, he harps and sings; with that price pays
 For portage; and rude seas calms with his lays.'

To these specimens of Sandys's skill as a translator, we cannot forbear to add his rendering of a sacred epigram stated to be inscribed in the principal Church at Cologne.

*' Tres Reges, Regi Regum, tria dona ferebant ;
 Myrrham homini, uncto aurum, thura dedere Deo.
 Tu tria facultatum dones pia munera Christo,
 Muneribus gratus si cupis esse tuis.
 Pro myrrha lachrymas, auro cor porrige purum,
 Pro thure, ex humili pectore funde preces.'*

' Three kings, the King of kings three gifts did bring ;
 Myrrh, incense, gold ; as to Man, God, a King.
 Three holy gifts be likewise given by thee
 To Christ, even such as acceptable be.
 For myrrha, tears ; for frankincense, impart
 Submissive prayers ; for pure gold, a pure heart.'

But when Sandys gets to Jerusalem, and is describing the Holy Sepulchre, the subject draws from him the impassioned exclamation : ' It is a frozen zeal that will not be warmed with
 ' the sight thereof. And oh, that I could retain the effects that
 ' it wrought, with an unfainting perseverance ! Who then did
 ' dedicate this hymn to my Redeemer.

*' Saviour of mankind, Man, Emanuel ;
 Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished Hell :
 The First-fruits of the Grave ; whose life did give
 Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live :
 O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
 That mine may thine obey ! Protect me still ;
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul sealed with thy seal. So, in the hour
 When thou whose body sanctified this tomb,
 Unjustly judged, a glorious Judge shalt come,
 To judge the world with justice ; by that sign
 I may be known and entertained for Thine.'*

As Mr. Mitford has given no original poem by Sandys, this hymn will not be unacceptable to those of our readers who do not happen to possess his Travels. It certainly merits a place in any collection of English Devotional poetry.

Among other learned writers who have with different success attempted versions of the Psalms, ranks the celebrated Dr. Donne. Mr. Mitford has inserted his version of Psalm cxxxvii, one of the most beautiful and delicate of those sacred compositions, and at the same time one of the most difficult to a lyrical translator. The last verse, more especially, is scarcely susceptible of a rendering at once faithful and poetical. Dr. Donne's begins thus :

' By Euphrates' flowry side
We did bide,
From dear Judah far absented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their streams his stream augmented.

' When poor Sion's doleful state,
Desolate,
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
And the temple spoiled, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our mirthless minds we called :

' Our mute harps, untuned, unstrung,
Up we hung,
On green willows near beside us,
Where, we sitting all forlorn,
Thus, in scorn
Our proud spoilers gan deride us.

' " Come, sad captives, leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury ;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays
In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry."

' Can, ah, can we leave our moans,
And our groans
Under Sion's ruins bury ?
Can we in this land sing lays
In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry ?

' No ; dear Sion, if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joints become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

' Let my tongue lose singing skill :
Let it still

Specimens of Sacred Poetry.

To my parched roof be glewed,
 If in either harp or voice
 I rejoice,
 Till thy joys shall be renewed.'

Milton also attempted this psalm, although his version of it does not appear in his works. We have a copy of a version attributed at least with great probability to his pen, which was set to music by his friend Lawes. It begins :

' Sitting by the streams that glide
 Down by Babel's tow'ring wall,
 With our tears we filled the tide,
 While our mindful thoughts recal
 Thee, O Sion, and thy fall !'

Another writer of the seventeenth century, who has given a version of this psalm, is Norris, Rector of Bemerton, whose name ought not to be unknown to Mr. Mitford; and yet, we cannot suppose that, if he had seen the volume, he would have neglected to avail himself of its contents. His version is professedly a paraphrase, and he stops at the seventh verse. Although somewhat inflated, it comes nearer, we think, in dignity of style, to the proper character of such compositions; it errs by being too paraphrastic.

' Beneath a reverend gloomy shade,
 Where Tigris and Euphrates cut their way,
 With folded arm, and head supinely laid,
 We sate, and wept out all the tedious day :
 Within its banks grief could not be
 Contain'd, when, Sion, we remember'd thee.

' Our harps with which we oft have sung
 In solemn strains the great Jehovah's praise,
 Our warbling harps upon the trees we hung,
 Too deep our grief to hear their pleasing lays.
 Our harps were sad as well as we,
 And, tho' by angels touch'd, would yield no harmony.

' But they who forced us from our seat,
 The happy land, and sweet abode of rest,
 Had one way left to be more cruel yet,
 And ask'd a song from hearts with grief oppress.
 Let's hear, say they, upon the lyre,
 One of the anthems of your Hebrew quire.

' How can we frame our voice to sing
 The hymns of joy, festivity, and praise,
 To those who're aliens to our heavenly King,
 And want a taste for such exalted lays ?
 Our harps will here refuse to sound ;
 An holy song is due to holy ground.

' No, dearest Sion, if we can
So far forget thy melancholy state,
As, now thou mourn'st, to sing one cheerful strain,
This ill be added to our ebb of Fate :
Let neither harp nor voice e'er try
One hallelujah more, but ever silent lie.'

Bishop Mant has not been more successful in his version of this beautiful psalm, beginning :

' By Babel's streams we sat and wept ;
Our thoughts, O Zion, dwelt on thee ;
Meanwhile our harps in silence slept
Aloft on many a willow tree.'

This might have been written, certainly, by a *very* early poet. Dr. Watts, in his juvenile days, attempted the same difficult task, but he appears to have been so little pleased with his performance that he rejected it from his *Lyric Poems*; and in his *Psalms and Hymns*, the cxxxviith Psalm is passed over. It will be found in his "*Reliquiæ Juveniles*," and begins thus :

' When by the flowing brooks we sat,
The brooks of Babylon the proud,
We thought on Zion's mournful state,
And wept her woes, and wailed aloud.'

This is better, we admit, than W. W.'s performance in that which is emphatically called the Old Version, by ' Sternhold, Hopkins, and others.'

' When we did sit in Babylon
the rivers round about,
Then in remembrance of Sion
the tears for grief burst out.
We hang'd our harps and instruments
the willow trees upon ;
For in that place men for their use
had planted many a one.'

Compare these sacred travesties with the simple and inimitable beauty of the original :

" By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion.

" As for our harps, we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein.

" For they that led us away captive, required of us then a song, and melody in our heaviness : Sing us one of the songs of Sion.

" How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?"

By what strange fatality is it, that, in attempting to throw

these *unimproveable* expressions (if we may be allowed the word) into a lyrical shape,—as if they as much refused the aid of rhyme as the harp of Judah refused to give forth its harmony at the bidding of the proud Chaldeans,—every one has hitherto failed to preserve the beauty or genuine character of the original? Rhyme is a sad tyrant when, instead of being the mere handmaid of the Muse, she passes herself off for Poetry, and, like other usurpers, begins her reign with the murder of her lawful sovereign. There is something ominous in the very words ‘done into verse:’ the phrase might lead us to expect that the psalms would be—done for. Yet, it is surely not impossible to subordinate rhyme so far that it shall no more interfere with simplicity or beauty of expression, or mar the dignity of sacred compositions, than the laws and modulations of harmony. Why should a psalm be deprived of its character by being set to verse, any more than by being set to music?

As a paraphrase of this psalm, the following very pleasing stanzas of Anne Countess of Winchelsea (1713) have considerable merit.

‘ Proud Babylon ! thou saw’st us weep ;
Euphrates, as he passed along,
Saw, on his banks, the sacred throng
A heavy, solemn mourning keep :
Sad captives to thy sons and thee,
When nothing but our tears were free.

‘ A song of Sion they require,
And from the neighb’ring trees to take
Each man his dumb, neglected lyre,
And cheerful sounds on them awake ;
But cheerful sounds, the strings refuse,
Nor will their master’s griefs abuse.

‘ How can we, Lord, thy praise proclaim,
Here, in a strange, unhallowed land !
Lest we provoke them to blaspheme
A Name, they do not understand ;
And with rent garments, that deplore,
Above whate’er we felt before.

‘ But thou, Jerusalem, so dear !
If thy lov’d image e’er depart,
Or I forget thy sufferings here ;
Let my right hand forget her art ;
My tongue her vocal gift resign,
And sacred verse no more be mine !’

This digression has led us away from our immediate subject.

Yet, as we have been led to mention Norris as a poet, and as his volume is, we believe, but little known, we shall gratify our readers with some fairer specimens of his poetical talents from his original compositions.

‘ On seeing a great Person lying in state,

‘ Well, now I needs must own
That I hate greatness more and more;
’Tis now a just abhorrence grown,
What was antipathy before.
With other ills I could dispense,
And acquiesce in Providence;
But let not Heaven my patience try
With this one plague, lest I repine and die.

‘ I knew, indeed, before,
That ’twas the great man’s wretched fate,
While with the living, to endure
The vain impertinence of state:
But sure, thought I, in death he’ll be
From that and other troubles free:
Whate’er his life, he then will lie
As free, as undisturbed, as calm as I.

‘ But ’twas a gross mistake;
Honour, that too officious ill,
Won’t even his breathless corpse forsake,
But haunts and waits about him still.
Strange persecution, when the grave
Can’t the distressed martyr save!
What remedy can there avail,
Where death the great Catholicon does fail?

‘ Thanks to my stars, that I
Am with so low a fortune blest,
That whate’er blessings Fate deny,
I’m sure of privacy and rest.
’Tis well, thus long I am content,
And rest as in my element.
Then, Fate, if you’ll appear my friend,
Force me not ’gainst my nature to ascend.

‘ No, I would still be low,
Or else I would be very high,
Beyond the state which mortals know,
A kind of semi-deity.
So, of the regions of the air,
The high’st and lowest quiet are;
But ’tis this middle height I fear,
For storms and thunders are engendered there.’

This might have been written by Cowley in his happiest mood. The following is in a still higher style of poetry.

‘What a strange moment will that be,
My soul, how full of curiosity,
When wing’d and ready for thy eternal flight,
On th’ utmost edges of thy tottering clay
Hovering, and wishing longer stay,
Thou shalt advance, and have eternity in sight!
When just about to try that unknown sea,
What a strange moment will that be!

‘But yet, how much more strange that state,
When, loosen’d from th’ embrace of this close mate,
Thou shalt at once be plung’d in liberty,
And move as swift and active as a ray
Shot from the lucid spring of day!
Thou who just now wast clogg’d with dull mortality,
How wilt thou bear the mighty change, how know
Whether thou’rt then the same or no?

‘Then to strange mansions of the air,
And stranger company must thou repair!
What a new scene of things will then appear!
This world thou by degrees wast taught to know,
Which lessen’d thy surprise below;
But knowledge all at once will overflow thee there.
That world, as the first man did this, thou’lt see,
Ripe grown, in full maturity.

‘There with bright splendours must thou dwell,
And be what only those pure forms can tell.
There must thou live awhile, gaze, and admire,
Till the great Angel’s trump this fabrick shake,
And all the slumbring dead awake,
Then to thy old forgotten state must thou retire.
This union then will seem as strange, or more,
Than thy new liberty before.

‘Now for the greatest change prepare,
To see the only Great, the only Fair.
Vail now thy feeble eyes, gaze and be blest;
Here all thy turns and revolutions cease,
Here’s all serenity and peace:
Thou’rt to the center come, the native seat of rest.
There’s now no further change, nor need there be,
When one shall be variety.

Among some other writers whose works might have supplied Mr. Mitford with appropriate specimens, Bishop Ken ought not to have been forgotten. Andrew Marvel, the author of some of the hymns ascribed to Addison, whom Watts has imitated, and Mallet stolen from, has been treated with singularly unjust neg-

lect. Mr. Johnstone has, indeed, inserted two short poems of his, but they do him not less injustice, than Mr. Mitford's silent omission of his name. There is a volume of sacred poems by an old writer named Mason, which contains many that are marked by the quaint beauty and simplicity of our elder bards.

Many of our older collections of Sacred Music will be found worthy of examination, for the fugitive pieces which have been preserved in them. We have already referred to a psalm of Milton's, which came into our hands by this means. In a book of Psalmody without a date, but which must have been published about the middle of the last century, we have found the following stanzas, which have, if we mistake not, an air of antique simplicity, and, at the same time, of devotional elevation, which entitle them to preservation. The air to which the words are set, has found a place in Rippon's Selection of Tunes, under the name of Tottenham Court: of its merit as a composition, we give no opinion, but the effect on our own mind, whether from association or from the genuine pathos of the air, is at once touching and solemn. That effect, however, would probably be lost in the vulgarizing performance of a modern choir. The Poem is said to be commonly entitled the Pilgrim's Hymn.

' Never weather beaten sail more willing bent to shiore,
Never tired Pilgrims' limbs affected slumber more,
Than my weary spirit longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

' Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise;
Old age deafs not there our ears, nor vapours dim our eyes;
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my spirit to Thee!

' O what love and concord's there, and what sweet harmony,
In Heaven above, where happy souls adore thy Majesty!
O how the Heavenly choirs all sing, to Him that sits enthron'd above!
What admiring, and aspiring, still desiring!
O how I long to see this feast of Love!

In justice to Mr. Mitford, however, we must not dismiss his volume, without presenting another specimen or two of its contents. The following stanzas, by George Wither, are highly interesting.

' Great Almighty, God of Heaven!
Honour, praise, and glory be
Now, and still hereafter given,
For thy blessings deigned to me;
Who hast granted and prepared,
More than can be well declared.

• By thy mercy thou didst raise me
 From below the pits of clay ;
 Thou hast taught my lips to praise thee,
 Where thy love confess I may ;
 And those blessed hopes dost leave me,
 Whereof no man can bereave me.

• By thy grace, those passions, troubles,
 And those wants that me oppress,
 Have appeared as water-bubbles,
 Or as dreams, and things in jest :
 For thy leisure still attending,
 I with pleasure saw their ending.

• Those afflictions and those terrors
 Which to others grim appear,
 Did but shew me where my errors
 And my imperfections were :
 But distrustful could not make me
 Of thy love, nor fright nor shake me.

• When, in public to defame me,
 A design was brought to pass,
 On their heads that meant to shame me,
 Their own malice turned was ;
 And that day most grace was shewn me,
 Which they thought should have undone me.

• Therefore, as thy blessed Psalmist,
 When he saw his wars had end,
 And his days were at the calmest,
 Psalms and hymns of praises penn'd ;
 So my rest, by thee enjoyed,
 To thy praise I have employed.

• Yea, remembering what I vowed,
 When enclosed from all but thee,
 I thy presence was allowed,
 While the world neglected me :
 This, my Muse hath took upon her,
 That she might advance thine honour.

• Lord, accept my poor endeavour,
 And assist thy servant so
 In good studies to persevere
 That more fruitful he may grow ;
 And become thereby the meeker,
 Not his own vain-glory-seeker.

• Oh, preserve me from committing
 Aught that's heinously amiss ;
 From all speeches him unfitting
 That hath been employed on this :
 Yea, as much as may be deigned,
 Keep my very thoughts unstained.

‘ And when I, with Israel’s Singer,
To these songs of faith shall learn
Thy ten-stringed law to finger,
And that music to discern ;
Lift me to that angel quire,
Whereunto thy saints aspire !’

As our last extract, we cannot do better than take the striking specimen which is given from Habington’s *Castara*.

‘ Tell me, O great all-knowing God !
What period

Hast thou unto my days assigned ?
Like some old leafless tree, shall I
Wither away ?—or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind ?

‘ Here, where I first drew vital breath,
Shall I meet death ?
And find in the same vault a room,
Where my forefathers’ ashes sleep ?
Or shall I die, where none shall weep
My timeless fate, and my cold earth entomb ?

‘ Shall I ’gainst the swift Parthians fight,
And in their flight,
Receive my death, or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant, yet disturb’d by war,
And perish by th’ invading enemy ?

‘ Astrologers, who calculate
Uncertain fate,
Affirm my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my days ;
And the physician gravely says,
I may enjoy a reverend length of age.

‘ But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art, the sight
Of faith delude ; and in their school,
They only practice how to make
A mystery of each mistake,
And teach strange words credulity to fool.

‘ For Thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live,
And time hath been, to conceal
Future events did’st think it fit,
To check ambition of our wit,
And keep in awe the curious search of zeal.

‘ Therefore, so I prepared still be,
My God, for thee,

O' th' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing apoplexy seize,
Or let me by a dull disease,
Or weaken'd by a feeble age decay.

' And so I in thy favour die,
No memory

For me a well-wrought tomb prepare:

For if my soul be 'mong the blest,

Though my poor ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespass of my heir.'

Mr. Mitford's 'proem' to these specimens is highly elegant and erudite; too erudite, we fear, we might say recondite, to please very generally, and too long for a poem of a purely lyrical character. It should have been broken into parts or 'fyttes,' and an argument would have enabled the reader more easily to catch his design. It exhibits, however, so much genuine poetic taste and feeling, and abounds with so many picturesque passages, that it cannot fail to please in parts, and will, as a whole, amply repay perusal. It would be unjust to close this article without adding to our specimens one more, taken from this part of Mr. Mitford's volume.

' Ye aged towers of Solyma !
Thou ancient seat of sovereign sway !
Rich diadem of Judah's throne,
Holding thy desert realm alone !
Say, why yon noontide shadow falls
Like night upon thy ebon walls ;
A veil of darkness o'er thee drawn,
A sable shroud that hides the dawn.
Why fades thy regal diadem,
Thou heavenly-thron'd Hierusalem ?
Why droops thy pale disceptred hand,
Great Queen of Jewry's ancient land ?
Where is the promised crown, decreed
To Israel's faith, to Abraham's seed ;
And why of hope, of help forlorn
Has sank the strength of Judah's horn ?

' Is the sun with shrouded head
From the deserted Zodiac fled ;
And his old Ecliptic leaves,
For which the world in darkness grieves ?
Are the aged stars on high
Dimm'd in the pure ethereal sky,
That night, with now unwonted sway,
Hath seized the empty throne of day,
And in her dull and murky shade,
His bright meridian glories fade ?

Why, with grief and anger strook,
Their fiery wings have th' angels shook,
And the dread anatomy
In his fleshless tomb no more can lie?
Alas! those bleeding brows behold,
That the twisted thorns enfold.
Ah! mark those hands in iron bound,
The limbs convulsed, the purple wound;
That darkening eye, that form divine
To death its fainting soul resign.
Gored by the spear, that sacred side
Has streamed with life's expiring tide.
And is that bare and branchless tree
Fit throne, thou Lord of might, for thee!
Ah! who shall now from foul despair
The bruised, the broken soul repair?
Who rise, our shepherd-prince away,
Defenceless Israel's staff and stay;
Shield from the boar thy sacred vine,
And save this scattered flock of thine?

Art. VII. *The Second Annual Report of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Widows, applying within the First Month of their Widowhood.* Instituted October, 1823, and under the Patronage of H. M. G. M. the King. 8vo. pp. 44. London. 1826.

ALTHOUGH the Report of a local Institution scarcely falls within the proper range of our critical notice, the interesting nature of the statements contained in these pages, as well as the excellent object and plan of the Society, will amply justify our pointing it out to the attention of our readers. The principle of the Institution, indeed, deserves to be adopted and acted upon wherever the population is sufficiently numerous to present more cases of the kind than can be effectually relieved by individuals. A hope is expressed by the Secretary of this Institution, that the perusal of the Report may lead to the formation of similar societies in all our large towns, or, if not to separate societies, to an extension of the plan and object of the benevolent associations which already exist for the relief of the Sick Poor. Among the numerous cases which fall within the province of those admirable Institutions, none are more interesting than that of the poor labourer, or mechanic, stretched upon the bed of sickness, surrounded by his wife and children, whom he can no longer maintain by the wages of his industry. The aid of a few shillings a week under such circumstances, and the soothing influence of spontaneous kindness and benevolent attention at such a season, may do much to alleviate the sufferings and to diminish the sorrows of the dis-

tressed family. But, 'during these visits,' remarks the writer of the observations prefixed to this Report,—

'It not unfrequently happens that the poor man dies, leaving his wife in the greatest poverty; and to add to her sorrows, the Benevolent Society established solely for the Sick Poor, cannot continue to her any further aid: indeed, were the funds not so restricted, the numerous claims made on them, render it impossible to do much for any individual case. The widow, seeing no longer those friends who visited her late husband, whose advice and assistance she more than ever requires, ventures to solicit the Benevolent Institution, to help her with a few shillings towards the expense of the burial of her husband. It is almost unnecessary to repeat, that her request cannot be complied with, nor can any further assistance be afforded her: her only resource is immediately to apply to the parish. Were we to follow this poor woman to the house, or rather to the room of mourning, a scene would be exhibited of a most afflictive description; as perhaps three or four days have elapsed without any step having been taken towards the funeral, owing to a fruitless endeavour to have it performed at her own expense.

'As the Suggester had often witnessed similar cases of distress, he was desirous that this Society should meet the widow at the beginning of her sorrows, and by its friendly advice and assistance, endeavour to prevent her experiencing these additional anxieties and distresses. For, though it is not intended prodigally to bestow on the dead that which is so much required for the living, yet, under particular circumstance, a small sum would be applied in aid of the funeral; but, in all cases, the nature and extent of the relief to be given, would be at the discretion of the Committee. By this seasonable assistance, many a deserving woman would be spared that bitterness of affliction, which is commonly the portion of the friendless widow in such seasons of calamity; and would be induced rather to struggle with her family, than to cast them and herself upon the parish.

'What language can adequately describe the anguish that is experienced by the poor woman, on being told, and perhaps abruptly, that her husband, whom she parted with in perfect health in the morning, is no more, or has been taken bleeding and senseless to an hospital, where it may be he only survives a few days of suffering?—In a moment, a family is thus deprived of its accustomed support. True it is, that calamities like these, often awaken the sympathy of generous individuals; yet, in very few instances, is the relief afforded of that nature to yield any permanent advantage.'

Such is the general design of the Society. With regard to its truly benevolent and unexceptionable character, there can be but one opinion; and accordingly, no sooner was the idea suggested, than it met with the warmest support; and the yet infant Institution has obtained an extent of patronage which its first projectors never ventured to anticipate. His Majesty, on being made acquainted with the object of the charity, from the

impulse of those humane feelings which form so marked a feature in his personal character, immediately consented to become its patron, accompanying the intimation with a donation of £25. Very recently, H. R. H. the Duke of York has transmitted a donation to the Committee, and has given them permission to add his name to the now illustrious list of patrons. These are facts which we have the more pleasure in making known, because the Institution itself has been indebted to no extrinsic recommendations, no party object, or popular attraction, nor even to any active canvass in its favour, for the distinguishing notice which it has received. Its beginnings were humble and almost secret. In the first year, the amount of the subscriptions and donations received was only £132; the cases in which relief was given, amounted to 36. The second year, the subscriptions and donations were £320, and the cases 84. A statement recently circulated by the Committee, and strongly appealing to the benevolence of the public, gives the total number relieved, within little more than three years, at upwards of 320. During the month preceding, the number of cases in which relief had been granted, was 35,—‘only one short of the entire number relieved’ during the first fifteen months of the Society’s existence.’ The consequence of this increase in the applications, was, that the funds were completely exhausted; and the Committee state that, unless seconded by the prompt and generous sympathy of the public, they would be compelled ‘to turn away from’ scenes of affliction and sorrow, where their influence might ‘be exerted with the greatest possible advantage.’

It could hardly have been supposed, that even in London, the class of truly deserving objects to whom this charity is restricted, would have been so numerous as to furnish calls on the Society, amounting of late, on the average, to 20 in a month. When it is recollected, that the application must be made within the first month of the widowhood, and that the good character and marriage of the applicant are in every case ascertained by strict inquiry, it will appear not less surprising than affecting, that the increasing support which the Society has obtained, should have been wholly inadequate to meet the still extending demand upon their benevolent attention.

The mode in which relief has been afforded, forms a distinguishing and highly laudable feature of the Institution. The Report states, that

‘A very large proportion of the Widows whose names stand upon the Society’s books, have been surrounded, on the death of their husbands, by a groupe of unprovided and, in some instances, afflicted children. Many poor creatures have been recommended to your

Committee with SEVEN LITTLE ONES, and two have been effectually aided, with NINE. In such affecting cases, the Visitors do not overlook the best interests of the rising generation; for it not unfrequently happens, that one or more of the children are sent to school at the expense of some kind friend who is made acquainted with their distress; and there have been instances in which, through the instrumentality of the Visitors, a premium has been paid for the purpose of apprenticing the child of a Widow to some respectable tradesman.

‘Widows who have been left without incumbrance, have been introduced into situations of trust, where they have every prospect of respectability and comfort, and where sympathy is cherished on the one hand, and gratitude on the other. The strict enquiry which is made by the Ladies into the characters of individuals, enables them to speak with tolerable certainty as to the moral and social qualifications of those whom they venture to recommend.

‘In the discharge of their interesting duty, your Committee have met with widows who had not one friend in, or near, the Metropolis, and who knew of nothing they could possibly do to prevent immediate destitution and wretchedness. Upon more minute enquiry, it has been discovered, that their connexions in the country could assist them, provided the Society would undertake to bear the expense of conveying them home. In several cases, this has been found to be a judicious and effectual mode of relief.

‘Upon no occasion have your Committee felt a livelier glow of satisfaction, than when they have been enabled to mitigate the apprehensions, and to relieve the actual distresses, of the AGED WIDOW. This, too, it has been their happiness to do, partly by pecuniary contributions, but chiefly by interesting benevolent friends on her behalf.

‘Amongst the numerous assistances your Committee have been called to render to the Widow and Fatherless, no one has been more generally required, or more obviously useful, than that of discharging small debts, thereby preventing that seizure of goods, which often takes place before the deceased husband is laid in his grave. Nor is it a little to the honour of British Tradesmen, that they have been found willing, in general, to relinquish one half of their claim. It has been whilst your Committee have been attending to this part of the practical economy of the Society, that they have been cheered by discovering the unshrinking honesty of individuals almost houseless and deserted. Some Widows have evinced more feeling on occasion of being relieved from a trifling debt, than they have done even at the thought of a future provision for themselves and a numerous family. Thus has character been elicited, and confidence awakened.’ pp. 14—16.

As a specimen of the cases, we must give insertion to the following:

‘M. R.—The husband of this female had been a journeyman watch-maker, and earned, when in health, two guineas per week. Distress of mind, occasioned by his having accidentally shut up his youngest

child in a press bedstead—thereby occasioning its death, brought on a nervous fever, from which he never recovered. His widow, aged 28, was left entirely unprovided for, in delicate health, and occasionally subject to very severe fits, with five children under eight years of age, and with the additionally distressing prospect of soon giving birth to another fatherless babe. The Visitors, after having devoted much consideration as to the best method of assisting this truly distressed individual, provided her with a mangle, made on a construction capable of being easily turned,—and they had soon the satisfaction of knowing that she was supplied with constant work. In the time of her confinement, pecuniary aid was granted, together with the Society's box of child-bed linen; and it was a circumstance of peculiar interest to the Visitors, to see the aged father and mother of this very deserving young widow alternately employed at the mangle during her illness.

‘The widow, as soon as she had recovered her strength, resumed her employment, and the Committee have the satisfaction to know that their assistance has greatly contributed, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to support in comparative comfort, the widow and her numerous family.’ pp. 21, 22.

These statements stand in need of no comment from us. We cannot dismiss the subject, however, without adding a few observations.

The first remark which the details and disclosures of this Report suggest, is, the total insufficiency and unsuitableness of parochial relief to meet the most urgent and most deserving cases of suffering and hardship among the lower classes. Among other modern objections against the Poor Laws, this has sometimes been urged with more plausibility than justice; that they tend to supersede and intercept the bounty of the rich, and to stifle the feelings of benevolence and compassion toward the poor. The vast increase of pauperism arising from the misapplication and mal-administration of the law, may, to a certain extent, have operated in this manner. But surely, the great and opulent in this country are not less charitable and beneficent now, than they were in the sixteenth century, when the Poor Laws were first instituted with a view to repress the alarming increase of a desperate mendicity. That a great change has taken place in the relative position and feeling of the higher and lower classes towards each other, is, we fear, but too true; but this is attributable to very different causes. Owing to the alterations in the farming system, a great portion of husbandry labour has been superseded, so that the population in some parts of the agricultural countries has declined; and the relation between master and servant has been weakened by the increased distance interposed between the proprietary and the labouring classes. The rich and the poor

have come less into personal contact, as the result of many changes that have taken place in the habits of the former, and in the employment, residence, and condition of the latter. The numerical increase of the population, and that chiefly in crowded towns, has also materially affected the relation of the lower orders to the middling and higher classes, rendering them at once more formidable and more depressed, removing them further from the possibility of effectual aid, and from sympathy. Our numberless religious and benevolent associations have, to a degree which it would be difficult to estimate, operated in diminution and counteraction of the immense evil resulting from this state of things. By bringing all classes into frequent and amicable contact, by conciliating, and, in some cases, elevating the character of the poor, they have tended unspeakable to allay that jealousy and political discontent which have repeatedly threatened the nation with internal convulsion.

Among these various societies, those of a strictly local and private nature, which have for their object the visiting and relief of the sick poor at their own habitations, rank very high in usefulness and political importance. When properly conducted, they unite the advantage of extended co-operation to the genuine character of private benevolence. With the visiting of the sick ought also to be connected a provision for cases in which the loan of a box of linen, &c. to lying-in women, may be of essential service at small cost. And surely the case of the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, ought not to be forgotten, or abandoned to the cold mercy of the overseer and churchwarden.

In such cases, we are aware that the Benefit Society not unfrequently comes in aid of the widow; and we have no wish to depreciate the utility or importance of such associations. The principle is an admirable one, which at once holds out a motive to the poor man to save, teaching him to provide by his own exertions against contingencies, and saves him many an hour of corroding anxiety by knowing that he has such a fund to rely upon in case of sickness, with a trifle for his widow should he not survive. Such institutions require, however, to be well regulated. It is a great evil, that the meetings of such societies are generally held at the public-house. The necessary *proviso*, that the party receiving relief shall be unable to do any work, is sometimes made the occasion of vexatious hardship and injustice, condemning the invalid or convalescent to imprisonment and total indolence through fear of forfeiting his allowance. And again, unless such societies are constantly renovated by younger persons, they are liable to

bankruptcy and dissolution precisely when they should begin to repay the older subscribers, because no new members will join a club composed of sexagenarians who have grown old together, and are likely to come upon the society with a simultaneous demand.

In the case of the widow, however, such associations do not at all afford the aid that is most required. The £10. is a present relief; it enables her to give a decent burial to her husband; but it is soon gone, and she is left as destitute as ever of the means of providing for herself and her family. Money is frequently of little use to the poor—they do not know how to lay it out; they require to be taught how to convert the momentary relief to permanent advantage, and to be put in the way of earning their bread. They want, sometimes, but a helping hand, a few kind words, and a little counsel, to save them from merging, through mere perplexity and despondency, into pauperism. The facts detailed in this Report are, in this point of view, most instructive. How many families might, by such timely and judicious kindness, have been rescued from being broken up,—how many thousands of individuals might have been saved from sinking in point of character,—how large a load of pauperism would have been obviated by the interposition of effectual aid at such a crisis, it is impossible to calculate. Even on selfish grounds, to take the lowest view, such societies recommend themselves as the most economical as well as most effectual charity. There have been instances in which even parish vestries have found their advantage in advancing small loans to poor parishioners, to prevent their breaking down altogether in fortune and in character, and so becoming permanently a charge and burden to the parish. But parish officers and vestrymen are not often disposed to calculate thus correctly, or to feel thus liberally. They legislate only for the moment, and, to save a penny, will often waste a pound.

It is only by a judicious extension of the exertions of private benevolence, that the evils of pauperism can be mitigated, and the pressure of the parochial burdens be diminished. The poor require help, and that does not always mean money. Let him who would devolve his obligations to pity the poor and succour the needy, on the parish officer and the magistrate, remember that a day is coming when they cannot answer for him. It is in *visiting* the widow and the fatherless that, we are told, pure and undefiled religion is best exemplified;—that religion whose two most distinguishing features—there put for the essence of Christianity itself,—are mercy and purity. To the one, our

Saviour has annexed and limited the promise of mercy ; while the other is enforced by that solemn sanction, that only "the pure in heart shall see God."

Art. VIII. *Friendship's Offering.* A Literary Album. Edited by Thomas K. Hervey. 18mo. pp. 348. (11 plates). London. 1827.

AFTER the notice of the Literary Souvenir and the Forget-me-not in our last Number was committed to the press, the present publication, which is of the same description and pretensions, was put into our hands. The Contributors are pretty nearly the same as those whose names have already been given, to wit: L. E. L., Mrs. Hemans, James Montgomery, Bernard Barton, the Rev. T. Dale, H. Neele, T. Hood, the Rev. G. Croly, Miss Roberts, Horace Smith, J. Bowring, J. Galt, Miss Mitford, D. L. Richardson, the Rev. R. Polwhele, W. Jerdan, John Clare, the Right Hon. Lord Porchester, T. K. Hervey, &c. As specimens of the Contents, we give the following.

* FADING FLOWERS. By Mrs. HEMANS.

' O pale and drooping flowers!
Ye that so brightly meet the morning's eye!
Is there no sorrow in your native bowers
That thus ye die?

' Are there not folded wings
On the green boughs?—a silence and a gloom
Amidst the leaves and all the breathing things
That loved your bloom?

' No! the rejoicing bee
There woos the violets, as at early dawn;
And o'er the elastic sod, in tameless glee,
Still bounds the fawn.

' And the rich bank ye crown'd,
By the wood's fount, yet hears a thousand songs
Float through the branches, trembling far around
With happy throngs.

' Wherefore, to us alone,
Of all that walk the warm and laughing earth,
Bring ye sad thoughts of Hope and Beauty gone,
And vanished Mirth?

' Why must your fading bells,
With the faint sweetness of your parting breath,
Remind us but of sorrowful farewells,
Decay and Death?

' Surely, it is to teach
Our hearts, by converse with their changeful lot,
That, 'midst the glories which the blight can reach,
Our Home is not.'

We need not underwrite these beautiful stanzas with any encomium, but may remark, that they please us the more for reminding us of the manner of our elder poets. This is the case with the next specimen that we shall take, which is a more palpable imitation of the quaintness of the old school.

' FLOWERS. By T. HOOD, Esq.

' I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun :
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun ;
The cowslip is a country wench ;
The violet is a nun ;
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

' The pea is but a wanton witch
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand :
The wolf's-bane I should dread :
Nor will I dreary rosemarye
That always mourns the dead ;
But I will woo the dainty rose
With her cheeks of tender red.

' The lily is all in white like a saint,
And so is no mate for me ;
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree :
Jasmine is sweet and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee ;
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she !'

The following very pleasing verses are by the Editor.

' A CONTRAST. By T. K. HERVEY, Esq.

' I sit in my lonely mood ;—
No smiling eyes are near ;—
And there is not a sound in my solitude,
Save the voice in my dreaming ear.

' The friends whom I loved, in light,
Are seen through a twilight dim ;
Like fairies beheld in a moonlight night,
Or heard in a far-off hymn !

Friendship's Offering.

- ' The hopes of my youth are away,
My home and its early dreams :
I am far from the land where I used to play,
A child, by its thousand streams !
- ' Yet now, in my lonely hour,
What visions of bliss are mine !
For my spirit is ruled by a spell of power ;
And the spell and the power are thine !
- ' I have mixed in the courtly throng,
And smiled with the smiling crowd,
When the laugh was light, and the revel long,
And the mirth was high and loud.
- ' I have watch'd the lightning-flash
Of beauty's playful eye,
As it gleam'd beneath the long, dark lash,
Like a star in a moonless sky.
- ' I have been where gentle tones
Grew gentler for my sake,
And seen soft smiles—those lovely ones
Which make young bosoms ache.
- ' Yet, in those brightest hours,
What lonely thoughts were mine !
For the heart has but one spring of flowers,
And my heart and its flowers were thine !'

We have deemed it but fair to notice this rival publication,
but shall refrain from criticism.

ART. IX. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Mr. Bowring has in the press, a volume on the Literature and Poetry of Poland, which will speedily be published.

In the press, *Instructive Poems for young Cottagers*, by Mary R. Stockdale.

Early in February will be published, in 12mo., *An Argument for the Bible*, drawn from the Character and Harmony of its Subjects. By the Rev. David M'Nicol.

Shortly will be published, *The History, Constitution, Rules of Discipline, and Confession of Faith of the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales*.

Shortly will be published, a volume of *Essays on Literary Subjects*. By T. Hathaway of Bishop's Stortford.

Speedily will be published, in 4to. *Ezekiel's Temple*: being an attempt to delineate the Structure of the Holy Edifice, its Courts, Chambers, Gates, &c. &c., as described in the last nine chapters of the book of Ezekiel. Illustrated with plates. By Joseph Isreels.

Nearly ready for publication, *Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mr. Robert Spence* (late Bookseller of York): with some information respecting the introduction of Methodism into York and the neighbourhood, &c. &c. By Richard Burdekin.

The Rev. Mr. Fry, Rector of Desford, has nearly ready for publication, *A New Translation and Exposition of the very ancient Book of Job*, with Notes. In one vol. 8vo.

An Account of Public Charities, digested from the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations; with notes and comments. By the Editor of "The Cabinet Lawyer." Will be published January 1, and continued in monthly parts, until completed; in about 10 parts.

On the 1st of January will be published, *An Inquiry into the Expediency of introducing a Theological Faculty into the System of the University of London*. By the Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D. Honorary Secretary to Council.

Mr. W. Jevons, Jun. has in the press, *Systematic Morality; or, a Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Human*

Duty, on the grounds of Natural Religion. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Shortly will be published, *The Union Collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, additional to the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts; adapted to the use of the Church and the social circle, the family, and the closet. In this Collection, it is intended to bring into one view the beauties of the best composers. Evangelical sentiment, combined with the charms of poetry, and ardour of devotional feeling, with becoming dignity of expression, have been considered the chief requisites. Hymns of a controversial nature on baptism, will not be introduced.

Early in February will be published, *Emma de Lissau*; a Narrative of the striking vicissitudes and peculiar trials of her eventful life. By the Author of *Sophia de Lissau*; the Faithful Servant, or History of Elizabeth Allen, &c. Part I. price 3s.

Preparing for the press, *Memoirs of the late Rev. W. Grimshaw, A.B. Minister of Howarth*, in the West Riding of the county of York; compiled from his diary, and other original documents, never before published. To which will be added, a volume of his works, from original M.S.S. consisting of "Experiences;" "The Nature, State, and Conduct of a Christian;" "The Important Duty of Instructing, Administering, and Reclaiming Sinners from the Evil of their Ways;" "The Believer's Golden Chain," &c. &c. By James Everett.

Also, by the same Author, *Wesleyan Methodism in Manchester and its vicinity*, comprehending Cheshire, Lancashire, and part of Derbyshire and Yorkshire.

The Rev. R. Jeanes, of Charmouth, has nearly ready for the press, *A General Pronouncing Vocabulary of Proper Names* (of persons and places), comprehending all those found in the Holy Scriptures, the Greek and Roman Classics, and every one of note in every department of modern literature; the whole exhibited, for convenience of reference, in one alphabetical arrangement, in which each word will be divided and accented, and the sound of every syllable distinctly shewn exactly as it

ought to be pronounced, according to the most approved principles and general usage. In 1 vol. 8vo. Price to subscribers, 9s. to non-subscribers, 10s. 6d. In this work the Author has been assisted by some of the first scholars of the age, whose names are a sufficient guarantee to the public for its correctness.

The Author of "London in the Olden Time" is engaged on a second Volume, comprising Tales illustrative of the manners, habits, and superstitions of its inhabitants, from the 12th to the 16th century; in which the state of minstrelsy, the form and proceedings of taking sanctuary, the ancient institutions for archery, and the superstitions relating to talismans and astrology will be

exhibited, together with sketches of Sir Johan Froissart, Geoffrey Chaucer Dame Juliana Berner, and others. The work will appear early in the spring.

On the 1st of February will be published, No. I. of a series of Views in the West Indies; engraved from drawings taken recently in the Islands, with letter-press explanations made from actual observations. The intention of this work is to convey a faithful outline of the existing state of Slavery in the British Islands; the costume of the Negroes; the process of Sugar-making, &c.; and to describe the character of the scenery in the several colonies. Each Number to contain four coloured views to imitate drawings.

ART. X. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

The Natural and Agricultural History of Peat Moss, or Turf Bog; to which are annexed, Corroborative Writings, Correspondence, and Observations on the qualities of Peat or Fen Earth, &c. By Andrew Steele. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Picturesque Views of the English Cities, from drawings by G. F. Robson. Edited by J. Britton, F.S.A. &c. No. I. Containing Eight Engravings. Medium 4to. 11. 1s.; imperial 4to. 2l.; imperial 4to. proofs and etchings, 4l. 4s.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of Zehir-Ed-Din Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindustan. Written by himself, in the Jaghtai Turki; and translated partly by the late John Leyden, Esq. M.D., and partly by William Erskine, Esq. With Notes and a Geographical and Historical Introduction; with a map of the countries between the Oxus and Iaxartes, and a Memoir regarding its construction, by C. Waddington, Esq. of the East India Company's Engineers. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

MEDICINE.

Introductory Lecture on Anatomy, delivered at the New Medical School, Aldersgate-street, Oct. 2, 1826. By F. Tyrell. 8vo. 3s. 6d. sewed.

Observations on the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Derangement of the Mind. Founded on an extensive Moral and Medical Practice in the Treatment of Lunatics. By P. S. Knight, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Morning and Evening Prayers for one Month, with other occasional Forms for the use of families. By the Rev. James Richardson, M.A. one of the Vicars of York Minster. 12mo. 3s.

Also, by the same Author, Daily and Occasional Prayers for the use of young persons. 1s. 6d. neatly bound. A cheap edition for distribution, 6d. sewed.

Sabbath Meditations, in Prose and Verse. Vol. II. for the Year 1827. By the Rev. John East, M.A. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

An Historical Review of Papal and Conciliar Infallibility. By the Rev. W. Keary, Rector of Nunnington, Yorkshire. 12mo. 5s.

Parochial Sermons. By the Rev. C. Bradley, Vicar of Glasbury, Brecon. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Sunday School Catechist. By the Widow of a Clergyman. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Sermons and Plans of Sermons, selected from the M.S.S. of the late Rev. Joshua Benson. Vol. VI. with Preface and Indexes to the whole Work. 8vo. 6s.